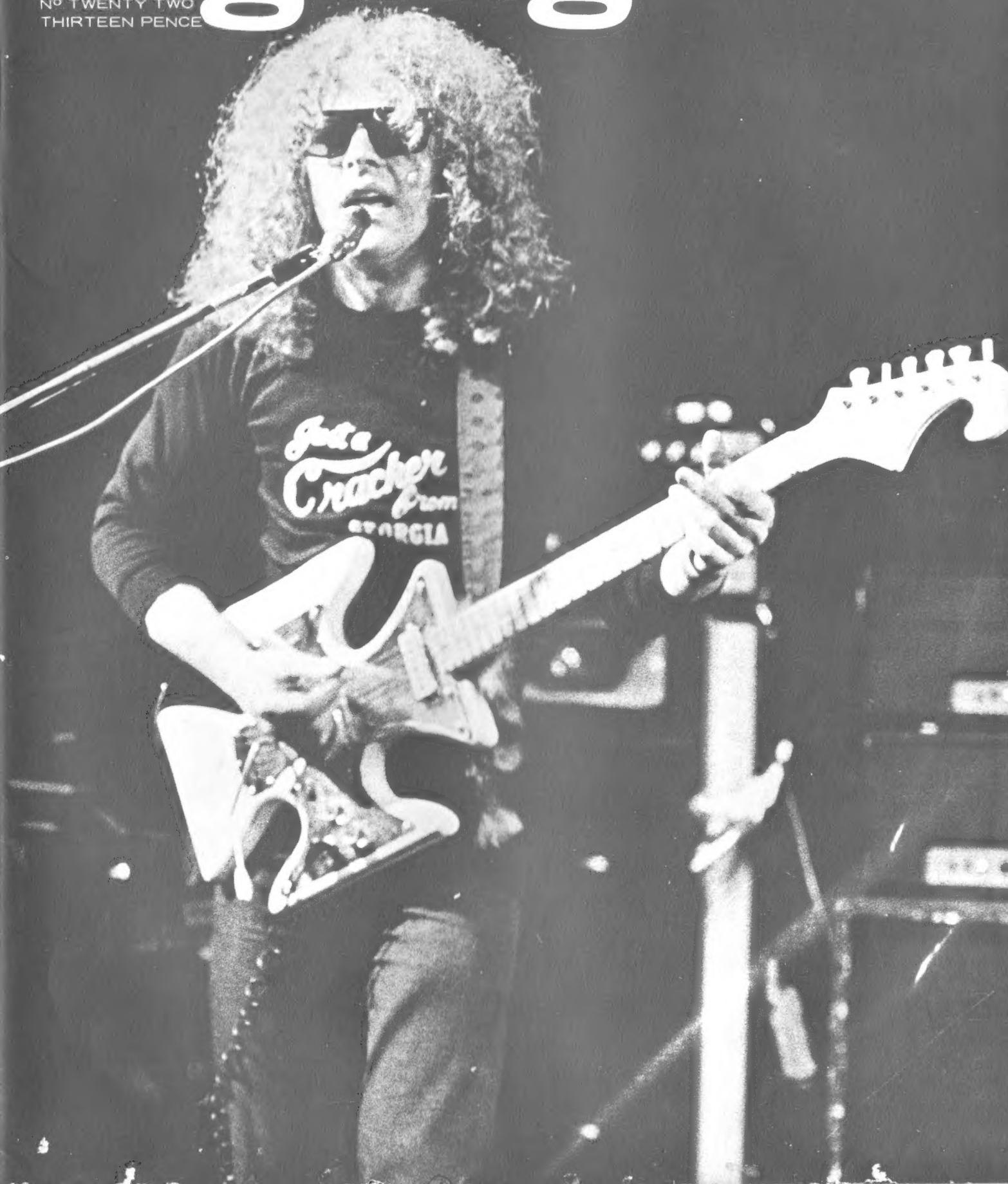


zigzag

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left
Link Wray
of 'Rumble'(1954)
& 'Rawhide'(1959)
has a new album,
his first for 12 years

right
Mandrill
a New York
Afro, Jazz & Rock band,
have a first album,
available now



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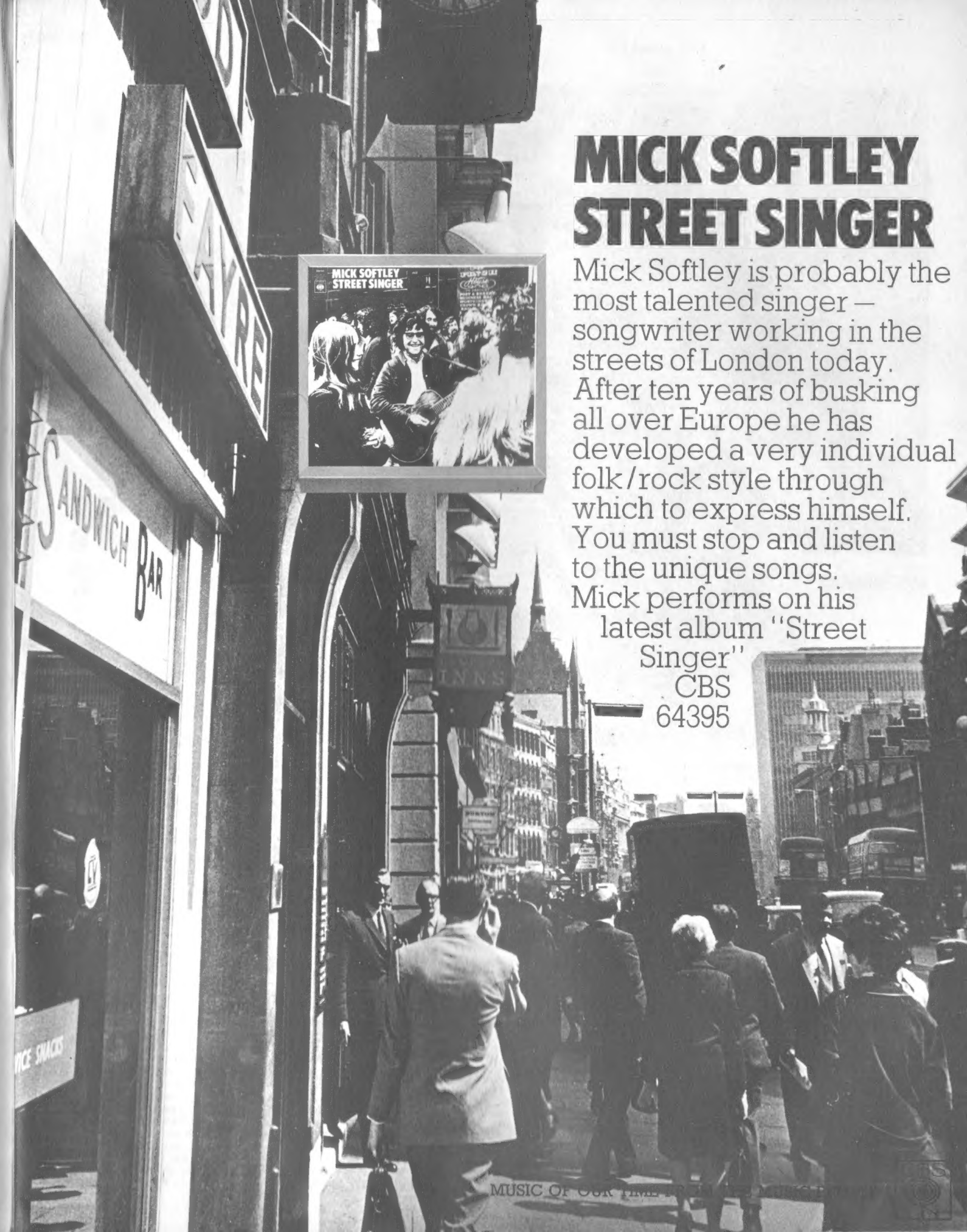


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MUSIC OF OUR TIME



JACK BRUCE'S MUSICAL TREE

ZZ: Can we start at the beginning of this family tree thing and work through to the present?

Jack: Sure - but I'd disregard that academic bit at the beginning; that was just a Tony Palmer mountain out of a molehill. What happened was that I got into the Royal Scottish Academy of Music for composition, but they blew me out pretty quickly. I did study cello under the leader of the Scottish National Orchestra, but I didn't stay long at the Academy... I couldn't make it. Put it this way; I liked consecutive 5ths, and they didn't.

ZZ: The story goes that you were doing a gig in Cambridge with Jim McHarg's band, and tried to blague your way into the Bert Courtley Octet... Is that right?

Jack: What happened was, I was doing a May Ball gig (in June) at a Cambridge University, and in their jazz cellar they had this band playing during the intervals. I went down there and asked for a sit-in, but they refused me until after a bit of persistence they let me have a go. So, I promptly blew them off the stage with one bass solo and disappeared. Some weeks later, they found me living in an asthmatic pad in Willesden and convinced me that I should go along for an audition with Alexis - which I did, and got the gig.

ZZ: Then after a year of pioneering the

blues with Alexis, you split after a legendary gig in Manchester...

Jack: Yes - that was a fantastic gig - it was just Ginger, Graham (who had joined Alexis quite recently) and me, and you're right, it should have been recorded, because it was legendary. So, we left and, most important, John McLaughlin joined us and we changed our name from the Graham Bond Trio to the Graham Bond Quartet. John was really playing great, and he was getting very stoned, which is really saying something in those days. He actually fell off the stage at one gig in Coventry, in an extremely stoned state, and played this death chord as he landed... kkkrrrnnngggg... I still remember that chord - in fact, I've got it written down somewhere. Well, I was rushing around shouting "Is there a doctor in the house?" and the place was in chaos. John didn't quite have his time together yet, so he left and Dick came in, whereupon we became the Graham Bond Organisation.

ZZ: I remember you playing a 6 string Fender bass with Graham, and doing a harp/vocals number - 'First time I met the blues'.

Jack: Yes, well up until after I'd joined Graham, I was still playing an acoustic double bass, but as I began to lose bits of my fingers I switched to bass guitar. I really did used to get lumps of flesh flying

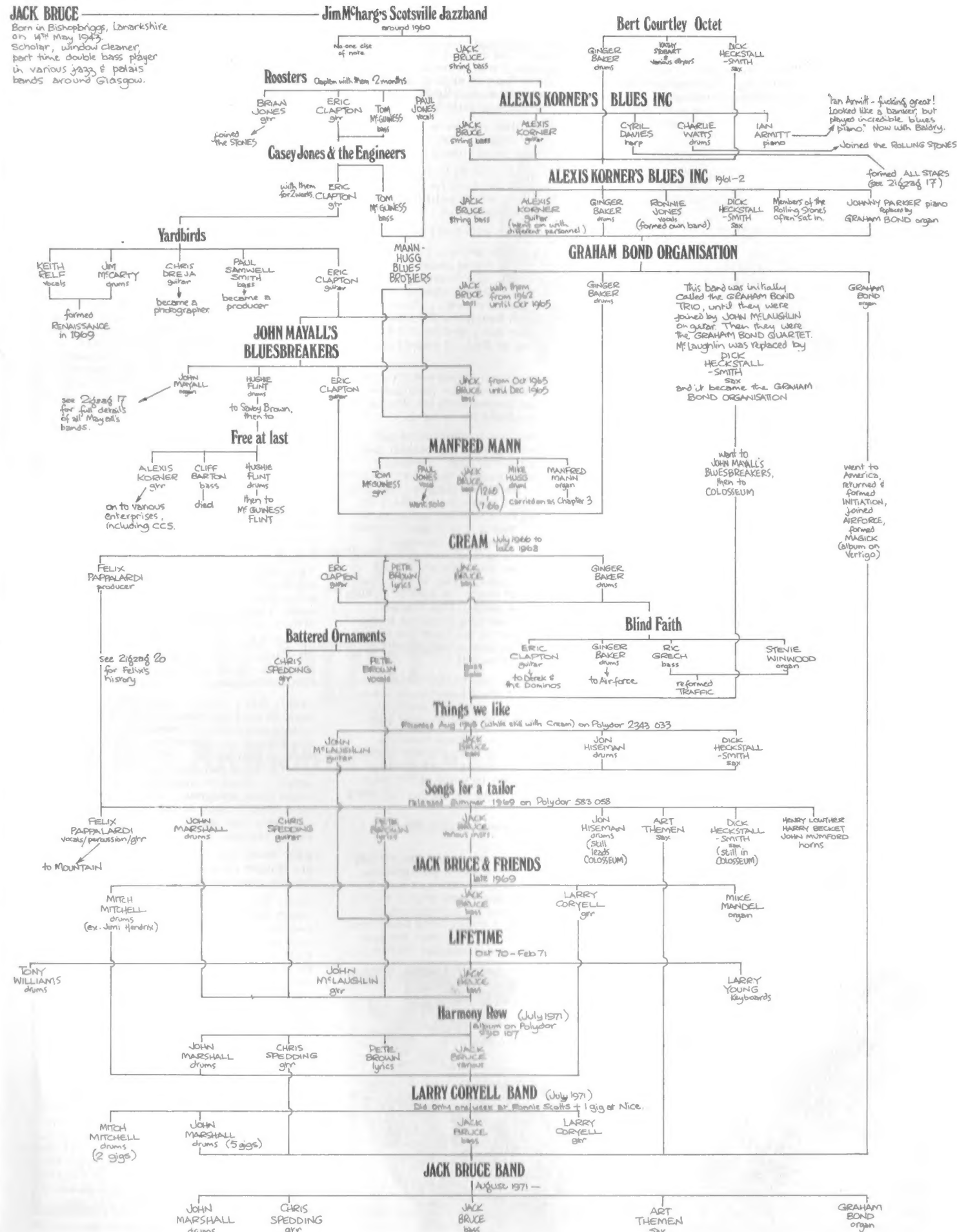
off the ends of my fingers and experienced a lot of pain in the backs of ambulances and so on... but what really made me change at that time was the fact that someone gave me a bass guitar (a Framus) for nothing.

ZZ: You eventually got fired by Graham?

Jack: Fired... that's one way of putting it. In actual fact, it was a conspiracy between all of Ginger... I mean, Dick is a pacifist in the true sense of the word (his family are quakers), and Graham was a bit out of it at the time. It was down to a thing between Ginger and me; he said I was playing too much - but I was playing the sort of bass lines that are happening today... moving, counter melody bass lines. In fact, around that time, an American who had been playing in various blues bands (Jack can't remember his name, but it may have been Jerome Arnold from Butterfield's band), came up to me and said "Wow, you're the best bass player I've ever heard". That was at the 100 Club and it really cheered me up because I'd been through all these years without anyone telling me I was good... It was just me battling against the odds, and although I thought I was playing well, nobody came and told me. Like I was playing the bass as an extension of my self, and as a drum... but Ginger didn't agree with my style at the time. Well, we fell out, and Ginger started to get violent onstage. It came down to fist fights, and

JACK BRUCE

Born in Bishopbriggs, Lanarkshire on 14th May 1943. Scholar, window cleaner part time double bass player in various jazz & pop bands around Glasgow.



I just couldn't, and still can't, bring myself to actually punch anybody, so I used to lose out. On one gig (the Refectory in Golders Green), I was doing my bass solo and Ginger started playing through it so that it became inaudible; then he started throwing drum sticks at me (he's very accurate) and they were bouncing off my head - so in desperation I threw my bass at him and demolished his drum kit. Now, I used to be able to punch people pretty hard when I was 16 or 17, but, as I say, I couldn't then, so I lost out in the end. Well, the Graham Bond Organisation was really happening then, and I wanted to be a part of it - I didn't like the thought of being turfed out, so I clung on. But Ginger finally got me to leave by threatening me at a gig in Mamor House. "Don't make the next gig" he said... so I said "fine", and left. They carried on without a bassist.

ZZ: Were you in any bands between Bond and Mayall's Bluesbreakers?

Jack: Yes, I was in one but I can't remember for the life of me what they were called. I only played about 3 or 4 gigs with them, but it was really nice. (We suggested over 20 names but couldn't hit the nail... maybe someday he'll remember).

ZZ: And you were only in Mayall's band for about 6 weeks.

Jack: Yes - and it was only on the last 2 or 3 gigs that Eric rejoined. He'd set off on a world tour the previous summer but only got as far as Greece; I think what put him off was this eating place over there - they had a dead animal hanging up, and they actually cut a lump off it to cook up in front of you. Anyway, he came back and the first gig we did together was in London Airport. There used to be this strange gig actually in London Airport - for the staff I suppose - and when Eric started to play... whew. I'd never ever heard anything like it before. He'd seen and heard me with Graham, but I'd never seen him before, but when we played together we had an instant rapport, which led us to having long chats together about what our aims and hopes were - I thought that although the blues was great, there was more than that... it was the beginning rather than the end. He dug me, and I dug him.

ZZ: How had you got to join Mayall in the first place?

Jack: Oh, he invited me down to his place out in London SE306 or wherever, and so my wife and I went down there by train and had this sort of interview over stew and potatoes. He asked me to join and so I joined, but he was paying terrible money and we had this gig wagon which was the most undemocratic thing you've ever seen. It was a Thames van with a bed built into the back for Mayall to occupy on the way

back from gigs. The rest of the band had to squish into the front... what a nice guy. Then Tony Palmer writes about "the only guy who hasn't succumbed to the day dreamy pop world" and stuff like that.

ZZ: In the days that you were with him, he was about the biggest club draw in the country... didn't he pay very well?

Jack: Well, I think that Eric only got a session fee for all the stuff he did on that Bluesbreakers LP, which sold thousands. I know that I got lousy bread.

ZZ: Did you record with him?

Jack: I did a session or two, but I can't remember any of the titles except 'Sitting on top of the world', which sticks in my memory because we used a change involving 4ths which had just arrived... Bom bom bom bom, bom bom bom bom, Bom bom bom bom, and he did something over the top of that. I wasn't on any of the albums.

ZZ: Most of the time you were with John Mayall, Jeff Kribbett was on lead guitar, right? (He later played with Dr K's band, but I don't know where he is now).

Jack: Yeah - he was a really nice guy... potentially fucking great, but Mayall just used him and got rid of him. I mean, I don't like Mayall's music, but what I dislike more is the way he treats people. He called me up to see if I would be on 'Back to the roots', but I said 'I'm not going to be on that, man... that's just a joke to make some bread'. Somehow he manages to keep this broke blues musician image, but I know honest blues musicians who are dying in poverty, dope, filth, kids... and Mayall's not one of them. It sort of upsets me because I know people like Roswell Roche, who's the world's greatest trombone player... and he has to drive a taxi in New York. (The phone rings and he loses his train of thought).

ZZ: You were on a few Elektra tracks as part of Eric Clapton's Powerhouse - who else was on that, because the notes had disguised names? ('What's Shakin' LP)

Jack: Stevie Winwood, Pete York on drums, Paul Jones on harp, Ben Palmer on piano (he was Cream's first roadie) - but what do you want to know about that for? That was fucking terrible... a very untidy session.

ZZ: How did you come to join Manfred Mann?

Jack: Manfred came down to a Mayall gig at the Flamingo and said "If you join us, you will be a pop star". Well, I hadn't been married long and I was trying to pay the rent and eat, and I'd had enough of scuffling. I mean, I didn't mind scuffling on my own, but with a chick that I'd just taken away from school and her family...

I wanted us to have a place to live. But I never made any bread - and you've got to remember that the whole scene was different in those days; bands didn't get such large fees, but there were less overheads - you had one roadie, everyone had their own amp, you had a little pa and that was it... you carried your own gear in and set it up. As a comparison, it's going to cost me 5 or 6 thousand quid just to get the pa that I want for my new band. Any way, let's just say that the money I was expecting to make, just didn't come... but I was happy enough just playing bass.

ZZ: They were very into as-commercial-as-possible pop weren't they... a summer pier end residency and all the band in uniform.

Jack: Right. We had to wear white roll-neck pullovers and check trousers, and the new members of the band had to take turns riding in the van because there was not enough room in the car. I remember once it was my turn in the van, and the car crashed on the way back from a gig up north; Manfred and Paul and the others ended up in hospital and the news was in print even before we had got home in the van... we were just taking it liesurely. We went and visited them in hospital - it was lovely... there was Manfred toying with an egg custard. They were funny people.

ZZ: You were on 'Pretty Flamingo' and that 'Instrumental Asylum' EP, weren't you?

Jack: Yes, and I arranged part of that EP. That got to number one on the chart and made a lot of bread, but I only got £18 for arranging it. I had to take that though, when it was offered, because it made the difference between being able to pay the rent and have some dinner.

ZZ: It wasn't a group where everyone pulled together and was interested in the ideas and thoughts of the other members?

Jack: Well, when I play with people, I want to communicate... I don't want to create barriers. I mean, any of my scenes are always co-operative - any bread we earn is just split... what other way is there? How can you say "this is your wage"? What do you base it on? I suppose times have changed, I don't know, but any way, I don't want to put that group down... let's just say I think they set their sights too low.

ZZ: When the idea to form Cream came, did Ginger ring up and beg forgiveness for his past behaviour?

Jack: No, he came round in his Rover, which he'd bought from the proceeds of the b-side of some hit that he'd written, and said that he wanted to form this group with Eric - and Eric was agreeable if I would be in on it too. Well, I was still taking the bus and was obviously pissed off with playing 'Pretty Flamingo', so we went round to Neasden, where Ginger lived, set up in his front room, played and it was fine. So Cream started.

ZZ: (Everyone talks about Cream - so we won't). Did you get asked to join Blind Faith?

Jack: No, I was very cut off from Ginger and Eric socially... in fact I've got a very small circle of friends, and I'm not part of any scene. Like whenever they get a supergroup session together, they never come to me, which is fine. But with Blind Faith I wasn't ever approached and, if I recall, I think I read that they wanted a 'student of the bass' rather than someone who

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Continued on page 29

Any excuse to push the pen in praise of Mott. This time I had three; 1 I wanted to see what they'd been doing since we last had them in Zigzag a year ago, 2 I wanted to talk to Ian Hunter about 'Angel of Eighth Avenue', which is probably my favourite track of the year, and 3 I think they've been getting a raw deal from the press. So, let's be methodical and start with what they've been up to since last October.

Well, when we last spoke, 'Mad Shadows' had just been released and everyone was pretty dismal about its shortcomings, although nobody really felt like explaining the reasons for its overall depressing, mixed up content. At the time, Ian and Guy Stevens (who produced it) explained it away as being the result of "personal hang-ups", saying that making it had been a "creative nightmare". Now Ian, who hadn't liked it then, has changed his mind... he likes it because it was honest - "It was what was going on at the time... the whole album was a scream for help, but everybody was too embarrassed to say it".

Soon after the album was released, Guy parted company with both Island and Mott (though he is still nominally their manager), but during 'Mad Shadows' he was like a sixth member of the band. As you no doubt know, Mott was his 'invention'; he assembled the band, guided them, loved them, and devoted most of his enthusiasm and energy to getting them off the ground. They in turn loved him, and still do; "Guy saved my bacon" says Ian. "Without him I don't know what I'd be doing... he gave me everything" - and it's true; without Guy, Mott would still probably be grinding around the village halls or doing unrewarding bread-to-keep-going gigs on the continent.

But, like children who grow up and leave home to fend for themselves, when Mott parted from Guy, some of their ways inevitably altered with their 'freedom'. For instance, in the production of their records, Guy's insistence on live recording was replaced by a more methodical approach, building tracks with overdubs. With Guy, the sound had to be there... it didn't matter if the resultant track had rough edges; as long as it had the feel, it was ok. So 'Mad Shadows' was done totally live - goofs and all; "If you listen to, say, 'Thunderbuck Ram', you'll hear me hit

wrong notes" says Ian, "... I was pissed out of my head, didn't know what I was doing... and the end of 'Threads of Iron' is just a total disaster - a fucking cock-up. 'Walking with a mountain' took ten minutes to write and record... everyone was leaping about and that was it. Three weeks later, we listened to it and it was an abortion".

Guy's influence on that album was strong; "he had something to get out of his system, and he did it through us. On 'When my mind's gone', we just had some chords worked out, no words, but Guy stood in front of me with his eyes wild and screamed 'you can do it, you can do it!', and he put the red light on and started recording. And I played and sang these words and then listened to the playback; it didn't sound like me, it hadn't come from me, there'd been no words written down... In fact, it was totally Guy. It frightened me to death... for three months afterwards, I was scared of that song because I just didn't know how the words had got there; 'when my mind's gone, when both my minds have gone, when all my minds have gone'... I just wasn't capable of writing something like that - it all came from him".

But, for all its imperfections, creaking bass drum pedals, chaotic passages and strange impressions, 'Mad Shadows' was, as Ian says, an honest album reflecting a pretty turbulent period of emotional instability in Mott's life. The pop press didn't fully appreciate that, but it made the album charts, so the hooplers dug it - and that's what matters, isn't it?

Some months later, Mott flew off for their second American tour. Now, sometime around August 1969 (just before the release of their first album), I was lounging around the press office at Island for some reason and I happened to overhear Luther Grosvenor of Spooky Tooth telling Mick Ralphs and Overend Watts about the perks of touring America. "And the drug scene, man... you just wouldn't believe it!" he swaggered to the two wide-eyed, fascinated novices, who looked for all the world like two school boys listening to a senior bragging how he could produce semen at will - looking forward to the time when they could too.

I asked Ian whether he'd be willing to ex-

pound on their experiences with the American "drug scene, man". He was pretty disparaging about the out of hand excess of America in general, and LA in particular: "the people in LA scare you to death. They're into anything and everything... you never know what they're going to do. I had a guy come up to me and accuse me of pointing at him; well, you know I wear these shades because my eyes are weak, and I can't even see the audience when the spotlights and things are on, and you know I often point my finger - for no reason at all. Well, this guy was saying 'you pointed at me, you pointed at me!' and he had a knife in his hand - he was going to kill me because I pointed at him. I said 'I couldn't even see you, man... I wasn't pointing at you!', but he was tripping, and he was convinced that I was his enemy".

"It's so strange; kids of 18 into everything - and the chicks will do anything to get you helpless - spike your drink... one thing you learn is never to drink anything on stage unless it's a can of Coke with a metal top that you rip off yourself. You see, they'll give it to you on stage; the last twenty minutes of our act is pretty hectic, and maybe you'll take a mouthful from a bottle that's offered to you - then the next thing you know, your head's like that (makes a gesture to convey giddyness), and when you come off, you find that the chick who handed you the bottle is sitting next to you. You don't know what they're going to give you".

"I always thought that women were... well, I never really believed that chicks really wet their knickers, or schemed and connived to get blokes. I always thought I was an ugly bastard anyway - and so did the rest of the lads in the band... we just couldn't believe that chicks would go to these lengths".

"You see, Mott is a very green band, drug-wise; Mott has never been into drugs. Downers, yeah, because you have to fly and travel long distances, and Mandies if you want a nice big scene now and again, but we've never been into anything else. I remember sitting next to a spade chick who was going through a whole list of drugs and getting more and more amazed that I'd never taken them; 'not cocaine?' she was going '... or methedrine, or heroin' and so on. She thought I was like

something from outer space, because they live that way all the time".

"The funny thing was that we came up on that scene. I mean, we always got these guys coming up to us saying 'do you want some...' and then they'd reel off a load of initials that meant nothing to us - so we just said 'no thanks, man, not at the moment', because we didn't want to appear too ungroovy. But you can get it out without drugs - there's a lot of things that hurt and disappoint you, but just play the music".

This summer, they came back from America as the MM was announcing (a miniature announcement tucked away somewhere deep within its 695 pages) that they were to top the bill at the Albert Hall on the second anniversary of their very first gig as Mott. Around that time too, their third album 'Wildlife' was released. Well, I just couldn't believe that album... I just could not believe it. And, man alive, was I glad that it was so good; stories of a tired, stale Mott had been filtering through to me, someone had called them a 'bloody juke-box' even, and I was pretty pissed off in case they were thundering down the road towards being a shagged out, spent force.

But here was 'Wildlife' - solid evidence of a fresh, brand new Mott; easily one of the best albums of the year. Ian was more cautious - he picked holes all over it; "the whole thing with 'Mad Shadows' was so wild and tatty - we were scared that people were saying we couldn't play - so we went the other way... we were very careful with 'Wildlife', and to me it's very sterile".

Sterile??? Recorded with thought and care, maybe, but never so clinically assembled as to be sterile.

"Oh, I'm knocked out with the songs - but it's too safe somehow; 'Whisky Women' could have gone... could have exploded; but Mick is so methodical - he wanted to keep it tight, and it's too tight for me. 'Angel' and 'Waterlow' were right because they had to be done that way, but 'Whisky Women' should have exploded".

I'd thought that 'Whisky Women' and 'Angel of Eighth Avenue' had deliberately been put together to contrast Mick's and Ian's different attitudes towards American

groupies; this was Mick showing utter distaste, contempt indeed, for the depths of these limpet women... he tossed through the tour to keep his loyal body uncontaminated for his own British lady (raises union jack), whilst Ian was very grateful for their services as easers of tensions and troubles - it's defined right there on the sleeve, the role of ladies is "to take the strain and make the tea". Well, so much for my fanciful ideas - I was wrong; 'Angel' (as we shall see later) is about a unique and specific incident, and 'Whisky Women' is about the LA groupies (so it's 'Whisky' as in 'Whisky a Go Go'). Ian: "the groupie scene in LA is just ridiculous - what Mick was on about was the LA chicks who you just can't get rid of... and the queers too. There's one guy who leaps up on stage and kisses you; he's well known in LA - and he took a shine to me and followed me from Los Angeles to San Francisco. He actually got into my hotel room - it was really scary... make-up, the lot".

On 'Waterlow', he said, he mixed the strings fractionally too loud (critical old bugger, isn't he?). Who suggested the strings, I wondered? "Well, first of all, it was done without strings, and that was it, finished. But Brian Humphries who engineered it (and co-produced it really), said it ought to have strings... so we said 'yeah', never expecting it to happen. But you know what Island's like - next session they were there... 9 of them from the London Symphony Orchestra - Brian had fixed it up. They did it in 1½ hours, and they'd been booked for 3... they were really so good; there's a slight slowing down in the



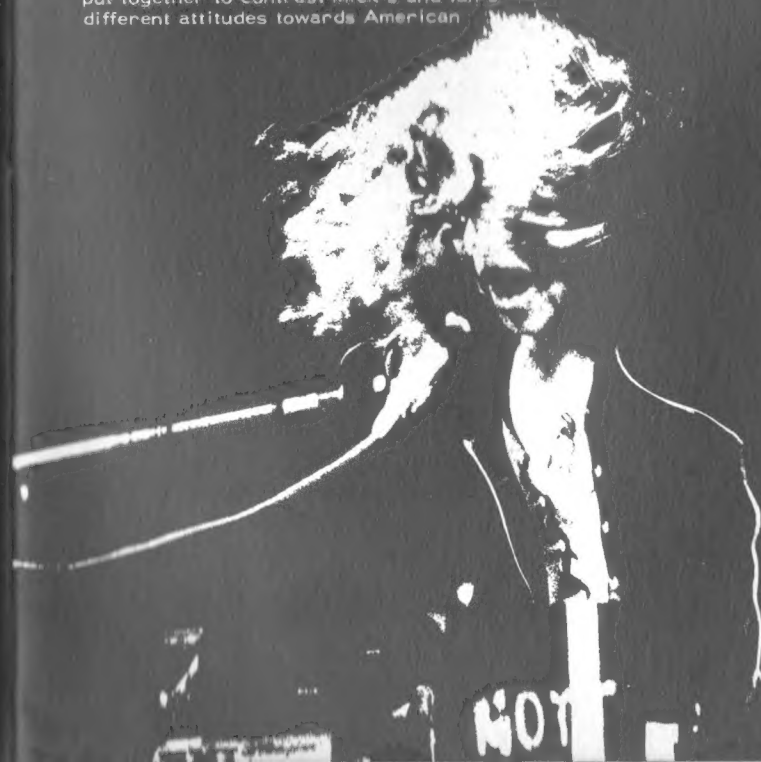
song, but they just took that in their stride".

Well, I could have talked about that album for hours, but we had time limitations (Ian had to go and put the vocal on a backing track which was being recorded in the studio next door) and I wanted to talk about their singles. I went out and bought 'Midnight Lady' the day it came out, but I didn't like it - it was about 8 miles behind any of the 'Wildlife' tracks (though the version they did on Top Of The Pops was a gas). It seemed like a very contrived assault on teenybopperdom - as if they were trying to step into Free's shoes as Island's chart busters. The production, I thought, was abysmal.

"It was very badly done; let me tell you about it. We'd been in Milwaukee the night before - it was a fucking scream... we'd done this gig there with ELP. Some very weird scenes happen in the mid-west; like it's all down to the local radio station as to which groups become popular. For instance, Brinsley Schwarz are massive in St Louis, but not so popular on the coasts. And we were bigger in Milwaukee than ELP - the guy who met us at the plane said 'why are we paying ELP 7000 dollars, and you only 1000?'. ... and the original posters, which they'd had to change, had us top of the bill. Well, afterwards we got invited to this party, where we got pissed out of our heads. We left there at 6 in the morning, then had to drive to the airport, get on a plane and go straight to Long Island and record this thing that I'd written on a bog in New York... 2 chords, you know. We were looking for a commercial number (it was originally called 'The Hooker') and we got Shadow Morton, the Shangri-las guy, to produce it. Well, Shadow was pissed, we were pissed, and Buff, well Buff was green and yellow, and Pete (Overend, that is) is always ill... but he was healthy that day, so he must've been really ill, and Mick was perplexed, and Fatty (Verden... I wonder if you should spell that Phally?) was still completely wrapped up with the night before".

"Anyway, we rammed it through, all out of tune, but we needed a single. It broke our hearts when 'Wildlife' didn't get into the charts... and we thought that maybe we attracted a singles type audience, so we had a go at a commercial single. It had a catchy 'na na na' bit, so we figured it was commercial - but maybe our audi-

ENGLAND'S ANSWER TO GRAND FUNK? BOLLOCKS!



ences aren't a singles audience either".

I haven't heard their new single, though 'Downtown', a Crazy Horse song about the needle that has temporarily (we hope) disintegrated them, would seem a strange choice - they're much better singing about their own experiences. But the b-side is Mick's 'Home is where I want to be'.

Ian: "'Home' is my favourite track on 'Wildlife'...we all had our own little parts on it - like Fally's organ is beautiful. 'Home' is a great song - Mick writes some great songs, like one he's written for the new album called 'Til I'm gone'".

Was 'Home' written in America about England, or in London about Hereford? "It was written anywhere, about Bromyard (where Mick comes from)...I think that Mick would sometimes really love to just fuck off home, but he's a musician and so it's a question of ambition against environment. It's the same with Fally - his dearest wish is to go back to South Wales where he was born".

As I spoke to Ian, Mott's new album was in the course of preparation. A working title is 'AC/DC' "because really we're just as schizoid as ever - half fast and half slow. We're thinking of having a rock side and a slow side, and we want Guy to do the sleeve". A good move; the Guy sleeves for the first two albums each won American design awards.

The only track I've heard is 'The Journey', a long song that sounded quite amazing.

An idea we had a short while ago was to have a monthly column in Zigzag devoted to talking about an album track that we found particularly pleasing. 'Angel of Eighth Avenue' is a favourite of ours and we were going to start with that one - but then we got worried that to investigate the song was like peeping through a keyhole, and that Ian Hunter might not dig it - so we dropped the idea and forgot all about the column. Then when I spoke to him, I asked Ian if he minded talking about it; he didn't...after all, he said, it was a true story.

"There was this chick..." his voice peters out as he recalls the situation. "The first time we went to the States" he continues, "I met a chick who weighed 6 stone 2 and was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen in my life. She came from the Bronx; her old man was a swine, her mother was a drunk and her sister was a whore...and she was working in a bank and was determined to pull through - and I was taking all the strength in her little body".

"I was drunk at a party one night and she was standing there with 6 other chicks, and suddenly I seemed to see her in front of me. Perhaps she wouldn't have hit you, but she hit me, and I had to talk to her...she was the most amazing thing I'd seen in my life. I don't know if you saw 'Dr Zhivago', where Omar Sharif looked at this flower and they zoom-lensed the flower up to him - well, it was like that...this amazing beauty."

"I had to go away for three days, and then it worked out that we had to come back to New York for just one hour before flying off to Georgia for the Atlanta pop festival, and in that one hour she came across to see me. Well, there was this amazing chemistry between us...we had to do it, because I was then going to the west coast for three weeks and we couldn't talk even...we just had to do it. I can't explain it really."

"It was about five in the morning, she fell

asleep, and I went over to the window and looked out...you could just see the outlines of the buildings as dawn was breaking, and you could hear the trash collectors (because they work through the night in New York) coming in, and you look down and see early morning guys going to work...and it's my first trip to America, and I just can't believe I'm there. And then she got out and came and stood beside me...it was like a fucking dream".

"I don't know what it was...I didn't love her or want to marry her or anything, but I...I mean, New York is a fucking disaster area, the Bronx is one of the worst parts, the family are worse still, and right out of the middle of that, someone is finding the courage to go and do a little bank job".

"When I went back to the States, I met her again, but I felt that if I went with her, I'd fuck her up. I felt she'd just got enough strength to pull through and she's going to be alright - but all she needs is some bum trip with a sod of an English musician on a two month tour, and, because of the state she was in, it'd just destroy her faith in the human race. The whole thing was a poetic thing, and I just had to write about it when I got back". (He wrote two songs about her, but the other hasn't been recorded yet).

Like I said, I feel like I'm looking through the keyhole when I listen to that song, or worse, I'm right there in the room. What do you look for in a song? I don't know what I look for...off hand, I couldn't list the qualities I look for in a song. But I know that that song just scooped me up and carried me away. "Capturing a mood" is a phrase I've often seen banded about by some hack describing a grotty Sinatra record, but now I see (when I think about it) not only a mood, but the time, the place, room details, I see out of the window, I hear the dawn street noises. Christ, it's so real - I can just see him as he sat writing that song...straining to expand the idea, to get all that tenderness into it. And the music behind his voice is so perfect! From the restraint of Mick's guitar in the introduction, to the lovely Saturday morning pictures tone of the organ as the track fades away.

Ian: "I had this idea of a fuzz thing underneath, but we didn't mix it loud enough and I wish the acoustic guitars were just a bit louder because there's this run down while the bass holds the D, and you can't hear it properly - one or two little things about the mix of that niggled me".

Who's idea was that violin? "That was my idea - I just asked one of the guys out of the orchestra that did 'Waterlow'. I told him I just wanted these two lines done - something very sad in the background...the first line I wanted down, the second further up. So he played it, and that was it; 5 seconds...perfect". Too right.

Now, if I heard Tom Jones singing a song as tender as that, I'd just think it was Tom Jones singing some corny tripe that someone had written for him to put his standard emotions into - on, off...like a tap. If I heard Van Morrison singing like that, I'd just think of that podgy little bloke who's bulbous belly holds up his beltless velvet trousers which look like pyjamas - and I'd laugh. But to see or hear Ian Hunter sing it is to believe it. Mind you, at first I was astonished by the amount of tenderness he got into that song...I'd never really spoken to him, but I'd always got the impression he was a sadistic bastard; the sort who'd shag seven kinds of shit out of a woman and then leave her to walk home.

"We've just recorded a number called 'rape', and I don't know if anybody thinks I'm trying to be a sex symbol or something, but I'm not into that at all - I have to get totally pissed before I can start projecting that kind of image".

But I always thought you were a sex maniac type bloke. "Well, I am a sex maniac type bloke, but who's to say a sex maniac type bloke can't be tender. I mean, I've whipped a few arses in your part of the country, but...well, why not whip someone's arse if they dig it...but it doesn't mean to say you're not sensitive. I mean, I could remember meeting a chick in San Francisco, fucking her, whipping her and leaving her in 12 hours, because I related to her that way, and she related to me that way, but when I met that chick I wrote 'Angel' about...I'd have kissed her hand if she'd wanted me to!".

Well, I love that song - it's as perfect a track as I'll hear this year, I'm sure...and for Ian to dismiss that album as "safe" and "sterile"...well....

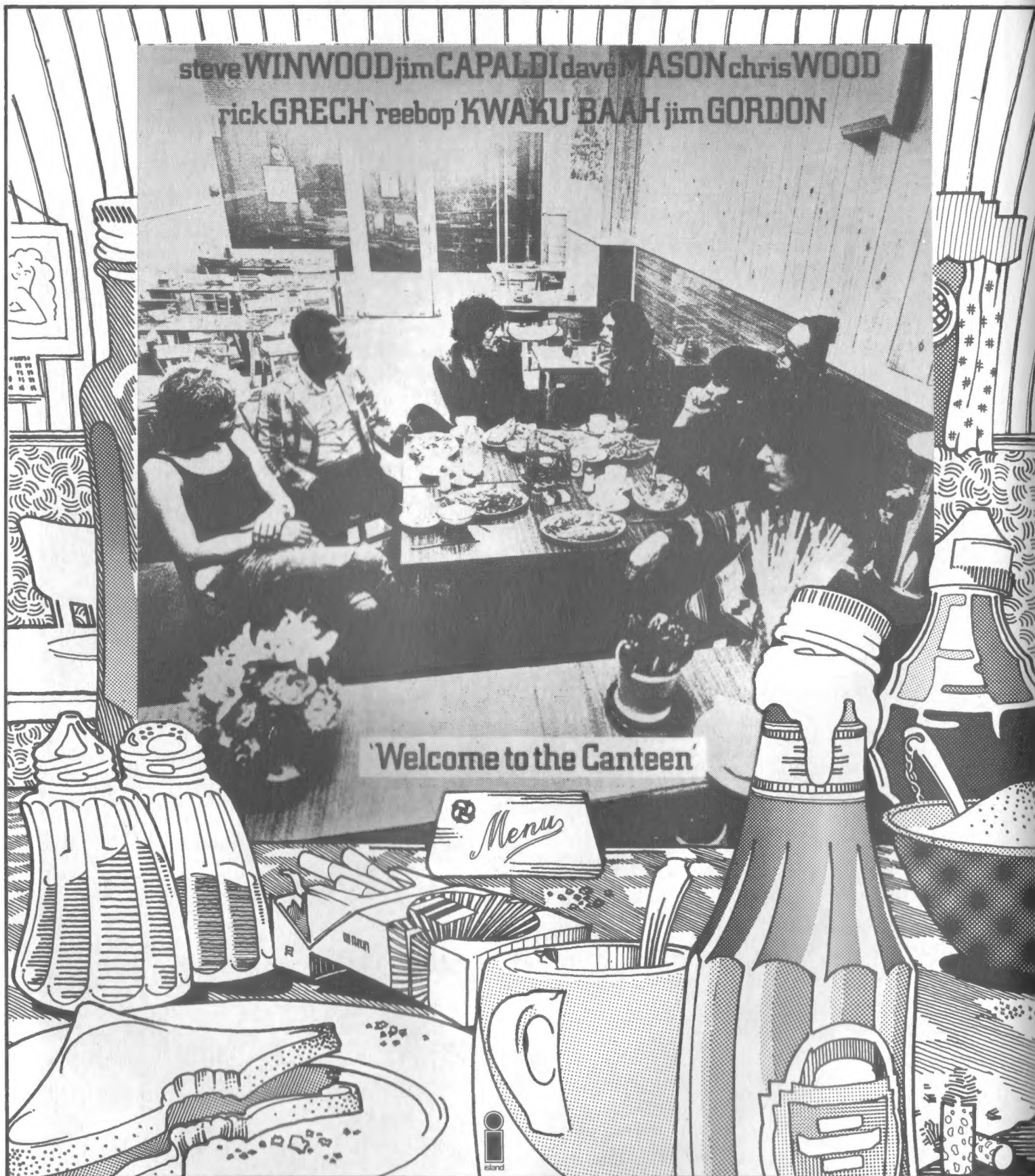
Now, what's all this about Mott being England's equivalent to Grand Funk Railroad? Anyone who thinks that any parallels can be drawn between Mott's and Grand Funk's music, must have an ear like a horse's arse. If Mott sound like Grand Funk, the fault is in the head of the cretin who thinks it, not in the music...but the trouble is that the press like to review the audience at Mott concerts rather than the music - they're so busy making notes about sweaty fans assaulting the stage, that they miss the music. Ian: "We're just the clowns. Jim Morrison was the clown; nobody read his 'American Prayer' - he was the one who went on and waved his prick at everybody. I'm not going to say that he was an amazing poet, because I don't know that much about him, but I felt intense sympathy for him because a lot of papers think that I'm just a clown, who can only entertain by acrobatics; Mott are only good at leaping around like monkeys".

"At that Albert Hall concert, we started off with five slow songs - but the critics weren't interested...they were waiting for the fans to storm the stage; and just because we do one number that wasn't written by us, we're 'unoriginal'. I mean, have you ever heard any other songs like 'Thunderbuck Ram' or 'Whisky Women' or 'Waterlow'...where did we nick them from? It's just a complete piss off". True. As for the rock'n'roll that closes their act (the 'unoriginal' part), there's a reason for it. When they started up, over two years ago, they were being put down as Dylan imitators and they got a bit nervous in the face of all the criticism. The rock ending was designed to overcome this nervousness, and let's face it - they were just about the first band to incorporate a rock'n'roll ending; if everybody does it now, they're copying Mott to a certain extent, and not vice versa. Anyway, I like their rock endings - why make excuses for it?

This 'non musical' press image does them harm and good. I know one bloke quite well who works for one of the weeklies and he's just totally unwilling to believe that Mott play music...he saw them once (over two years ago) but won't even listen to 'Wildlife'; his mind is made up - and when he sits there listening to me telling him how good they are, I can sense that he's thinking 'old Frame's not a bad cat, but he knows fuck all about good music'. The Mott fans, however, the hooplers...they don't give a toss about what the papers say; they dig Mott and aren't going to be swayed by bigots. I know of several people

continued on page 30





Traffic Etc... (An expanded Traffic band) Their latest album was recorded 'live,' and is called "Welcome to the Canteen." It's out now on Island. ILPS 9166

Alice Cooper

An interview reprinted from Hooka, a UPS paper published in Dallas, Texas.

Q: How would you explain your theatre... or is it for real?

Alice: It's definitely theatre; just by its being there it's theatre. It's third generation rock theatre - shock rock, which is very valid. Sixteen, seventeen and eighteen year olds don't want to hear jazz... they want to hear rock. And they want a sex image - an anti-heroic image. Our music is energy, high energy... that's the main thing about it. That's what third generation rock is... look at us, the MC5, and the Stooges - it's all high energy music. When you leave the concert, you don't leave thinking "wow, what a heavy guitar solo", you leave thinking "whew!" You sweat a lot - and that's what rock is; rock should be sweat. It should really be high energy electricity and sex music. It doesn't hit you in the brain, it hits you in the, you know, the dick. It hits you where it feels the best... and it feels the best in the lower areas of your abdomen.

Q: Do you get a lot of feedback from the Women's Lib...?

Alice: Yeah, I did a whole trip with that; we got picketed in New York and everywhere... Women's Lib hates us - they think rock lyrics are discriminating against women. They did an interview with me, you know, with me and Barbra Streisand. Can you believe that combination?

Q: Yeah.

Alice: I said I think women should be used as sex objects. I think that's what they're best at. Very honestly, I said I don't think it's any insult because that's what their main purpose in life is - being sex objects. I mean, what's wrong with that... they can still run a corporation and be a sex object.

Q: They could run a corporation through being a sex object.

Alice: True... exactly right. I think that Women's Lib is pretty much a combination of horny dikes, which is cool - I like horny dikes... there's nothing wrong with that.

Q: The Guess Who were here recently - they were off on a similar trip...

Alice: Yeah - their singles are very valid but it's not very blatant. Our trip is not that subtle - it's very blatant... it's like hitting somebody in the face with a snow shovel. But there is some subtlety to it.

Q: How about the Doors - their's was pretty high energy music.

Alice: Well, the Doors sort of took it to a point, but they didn't go to the next step,



which is props. Morrison was a better actor than a singer, and he was a fantastic actor. That's the thing - on stage, he really knew how to relate to the audience. The Doors were, I think, probably the best musical group in America - and the most productive. Them and the Beach Boys. (Much laughter). No, really... after 'Smiley Smile', they got into such an incredible sound - Brian Wilson is like Burt Bacharach, you know... they both use the same methods for producing albums. Burt Bacharach is quite a freak, you know, he really is.

Q: He's writing classical music...

Alice: That's it. In the seventies I think you're going to find out that the only people writing classical music in the sixties and seventies were Burt Bacharach and the Beatles... and maybe Laura Nyro.

Q: Why do you use all these props? (A dummy which he stabs to death, an electric chair, a boa constrictor, a straight jacket, whip, feathers, etc).

Alice: To create tension in the audience. They're contrived, but they're perfectly contrived. They're like, abstractly, surrealistically contrived. There's no real reason for the electric chair in that song. There's no real reason for the feathers at the end, except for the tension of the orgasm. Everyone can relate - they can relax at the end. After all the tension, they go "Ahhhhhh Finally!"

Q: You should have seen the security police craning their necks to see you tonight.

Alice: Last night in Oklahoma City we had two security police who were the best actors we've ever seen. I had them come on stage; after I stabbed the dummy, they came out and grabbed me like real police - then they threw me into the electric chair, pulled that thing down on my head, and one of them said "fry!" That was perfect. And afterwards, when we went backstage, they were laughing their asses off. They were great.

Q: We heard you had a little trouble with obscenity...

Alice: Yeah - they wouldn't let me say "horny". Because they said we couldn't use any obscenities, we had to put up a 2500 dollar bond. I told them that we don't usually use any verbal obscenity anyway, and they said I couldn't strip off either. Alright I said. Then they said "you can't say horny". Horny? That's not even a bad word! Anyway, that night John Mayall comes out on stage and says "hey, what's wrong with these fucking microphones?" He can say "fucking microphones", but I can't say "horny".

Q: Who do you aim your concerts at?

Alice: We're approaching the sixteen year olds - they're our most important audience, just because they're at an impressionable age. But we have fun too - you have to satisfy yourself too. We're very much into black humour. Subtly. We collect articles from the newspapers. One real good one - just to show you what I mean - a lady called a fire engine because her kitten was caught up a tree... the old fire department and kitten thing, you know. So they rescued the kitten and got it down. And after all that, the fire engine backed up and ran over the kitten... perfect. That's where the humour lies in the group.

Q: How do you get the theatre across on the albums?

Alice: That's the difficult part; we didn't accomplish it on the first two albums at all, though we tried to project the theatrics on both. But on the new one ('Love it to death') I think we've created a feeling on 'Black ju ju', 'Dwight Fry' and 'Second coming'. I think we created theatre on that album, and that hasn't been done for a long time.

Q: Do you think that the West coast audiences are a little jaded?

Alice: Well, no. You can go to any audience, including in LA, and get the same reaction as we got tonight. It just depends on what you give them to react to... like if they're tired, they need some adrenalin, right?

Q: Do you think those types of audiences are better for the sophisticated type of things you do? Audiences round here seem to dig the rawer forms of humour.

Alice: Mmmm. Yeah, I never expect anyone to get all the subtleties. Projecting third generation rock, we're mostly just doing humour for ourselves - just to keep ourselves interested in it. We don't really expect too many people to get all the humour involved. The people who do get it are more sophisticated, but then, that's not the main point. The main point is music and the sex drive idea. For example, they used to throw jelly beans at the Beatles. They throw bras at us... with phone numbers. That means we're winning... only 36 inch and above - no, we get training bras every once in a while. We put them on backwards - they fit our shoulder blades real good. We get underwear too - we just scrape the stains out and smoke them.

Q: Are you planning to go on with concerts indefinitely, or are you going on to something more?

Alice: We're planning on doing Broadway. A sex derived thing with a rock music background - because people are more involved with sex, death and money. That's the whole basis for theatre - or for music, or anything. That's what's commercial. Look at anything that sells and that's it; sex, death and money.

Q: Like Gore Vidal is sweeping it under...

Alice: No, I like Gore Vidal... I like Kurt Vonnegut; they're almost pop art.

Q: Do you think you put out a commercial

sound?

Alice: Yes, we do... we honestly do. We've sold 200,000 albums - and that's commercial. What can you do when we come out with a hit single like 'Eighteen'? That song worked because people really liked it - they got into the whole idea of being 18... the frustrations. It's sort of like an updated version of 'My Generation'. But a hit single is 'dangerous', because we're drawing ten times as many people. And when all those kids are coming to see us, then going 'Wow, I think I'll go home and put on some of Mom's eye make-up!... and their dad's a cop....

Q: How graphic a sex trip will your Broad way thing be?

Alice: It's not going to be pornographic, but it'll be, like, tasteful sex. But I love skin-flicks... they're pure, raw sex.

Q: Does anybody in particular get you off?

Alice: No - just television, Budweiser beer, Screw magazine, and masturbation.

Girl with Alice: Hey Alice, these people are from a paper.

Alice: I know, that's why I said it. But Salvador Dali still masturbates, you know.

Q: Do you think you'll ever play in the smaller places like clubs?

Alice: We did that for about 6 years - 4 years with the theatrics. No, we'll do nothing but concerts from now on.

Q: Do you use the same props every time?

Alice: No; like tonight was the first time we've used the whip for a time. I used to be very good with a whip - used to be able

to do the thing with the long cigarette. That was back in the good old days.

Q: You got pretty satanic during the concert; is any of that real?

Alice: A lot of people think we're really evil, but that's not really true - we just look evil. We don't push that image; it's more of a black humour trip - we're not involved in the devil at all. He's just sort of there all the time anyway - always on the other line.

Q: Do you get strange things in the mail?

Alice: Costume jewellery, which I really love; things like that are fantastic - so cheap. I really like gaudy, awful things... things that nobody would really wear.

Q: Where do you keep your snake?

Alice: In my pants. Naw, it's not in my pants at all; she's sleeping right now... she's very emotional. Snakes are very gentle - they can't hear, and they're very sexy.

Q: What sort of groupie scene do you get?

Girl with Alice: I'm not a groupie - I'm a friend from back home.

Alice: What's wrong with groupies?

Girl with Alice: I'm fantastic, but I'm not a groupie. (Alice lifts up the girl's dress as if to view her crotch - she's wearing slacks however).

Girl: Do you mind?

Alice: No, I don't mind at all. Do you? In fact, we get a lot of fourteen year old boys. But we don't, you know... they just show up. I just think it's funny that they do. Hooka Magazine

ZIGZAG ROCK EDGE

It seems to be the time of year for the pop press to hold their popularity polls, so we thought we'd have one too; but not a stupid thing where you're only allowed to put one selection in each category (I mean, how the fuck can you get an accurate result if you limit readers' choices to one name per category?). Well, in our poll you can put TEN selections in each category.

You better read these notes before you start filling in the form, which spans the following three pages (like a bloody exam isn't it); take your time, think hard and ponder your answers well - don't write till you're sure, or you'll balls up the form. Write small and with a sharp pencil or pen (or else you won't have enough room), and list your ten selections in order of preference. You can put the same names in both the British and world sections if you wish. The 'recent' band/group category can include any band that has been going for less than approx three years... other categories are either self explanatory or have notes.

If every reader sends it in, it'll be the best and most accurate poll ever recorded on rock music, so please wrench out this 4 page section, fill it in and send it to us (it'll only cost you 2p postage, an envelope and about ten hours of work). Try and get it back to us by the end of October and we'll publish the results in our next issue (together with the gleanings of our questionnaire in number 19).

Please write your name & address here:

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We are advised this article contains accusations and remarks which are false, malicious and damaging to both the writer of this letter and the Company, and in the event you publish same, we will take whatever action necessary to protect our rights.

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Day of Phoenix, Open Road and Samurai have something to say.

Day of Phoenix

Rated by critics who know, as the most original and creative band to appear for quite a time. Day of Phoenix are a guitar-led group whose inventive playing and presentation make them, well, unlike any other. The interest and complexity of the songs and their arrangements can only be called startling, especially in view of the ultimate impression of simplicity. This album leaves you feeling you have been taken on a unique musical journey.

Open Road

You may recall Donovan had a backing band last year called Open Road who got as much praise as Don himself. Well, here they are again, on their own, but now a group of four singer-songwriters, playing and singing their very personal and very melodic music. Candy, Mike, Barry and Simon, give each song superb harmonies and individual atmosphere. The music they make is best described as sweet-rock, acoustic and electric, subtle and funky.

Samurai

Although Samurai are an English band the musical direction—steered by main writer and keyboard player Dave Lawson—is eastern influenced. There is a jazz influence in everything they do, which is underlaid by a gutsy rock feel, coming in part from the band's two drummers. A so-called "jazz-rock" group, but one where the very high standard of individual musicianship contributes to a positive and always exciting fusion of the two influences.

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BAND/GRoup (recent)		
musician		
PERSONALITY		
GUITARIST		
BASSPLAYER		
KEYBOARD		
DRUMMER		
WIND INSTR		
MISC INSTR		
MALE SINGER		
FEMALE SINGER		
SONGWRITER		
PRODUCER		
WORST GROUP ² ON RECORD		
WORST GROUP ² LIVE		
WORST SINGER		

ALBUM OF THE PAST YEAR (approximately)	
SINGLE OF THE PAST YEAR (approximately)	
DISC JOCKEY (on radio)	
DISC JOCKEY (not on radio)	
ALBUM SLEEVE OF PAST YEAR	
WORST ALBUM SLEEVE OF PAST YEAR	
GROUP/ARTISTE not worthy of its/his status. (ie worst case of hype)	
BEST ALBUM TRACK OF THE PAST YEAR	
BEST MUSICAL PUBLICATION	
WORST ALBUM OF THE PAST YEAR	
WORST SINGLE OF THE PAST YEAR	
ACE CAT OF THE CENTURY (someone outside pop music)	
CREEP OF THE YEAR (anyone in pop music that you don't dig)	
PHLEGM PEDLAR (people churning out shitty records purely for bread, etc)	
SHITBAG OF THE CENTURY (people outside pop music - e.g. 'Oz' haters, nasty cops, etc)	
BEST ALBUM EVER	
BEST ALBUM TRACK EVER RECORDED	
BEST SINGLE EVER	
BEST DEFUNCT GROUP/BAND	
MOST IMPORTANT ROCK FIGURE EVER	



SATURDAY NIGHT FISH FRY WITH THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND

This article is an American press release, but it is so informative that we decided to reprint it.

In these days of so many groups who are merely competent, and ritualised sets which mostly bore your ass off, it's a real joy to hear a group that loves to play - and can communicate their enthusiasm. At several Fillmore East gigs, the Allman Brothers demonstrated that not only have they got their chops together - but that they know how to use them to create thick smoking tapestries of blues and rock, tempered with a lyrical aching beauty reminiscent of the best of the early San Francisco sounds.

If you were looking for a single standout musician, you'd probably pick Duane Allman; leaning over his guitar, sliding out sinuous solos that cook with southern soul - but he's only part of the web. Brother Greg sits high atop his organ, throbbing out long lines of swirling sounds, doing most of the vocal work with a mellow rasp while Dicky Betts plays alternate lead guitar, often in rippling counterpoint to Duane's loping runs. The rhythm section of double drummers Butch Trucks and Jai Johanny Johanson, bottomed by cooking bassist Berry Oakley, are always right there, driving it all along with power and a fine sense of dynamics. Nobody is into acrobatics or sex shows - they just stand there and play their heads off. One of their last sets at the Fillmore late show went long over the scheduled time - they didn't want to quit playing and the audience wouldn't let them - and the headliners, Canned Heat, had to try and follow that at 3.30 am.

Though Duane has become the focal point for a lot of attention, due to his session work, especially with Clapton, he's not very interested in the potential role of superstar. Go to talk to him at the hotel and he'll say "Okay man, just let me get a couple more of the cats, man - just to get a little rounder viewpoint here".

So, while Jenni Dean (one of the original electric ladies, but more than that), Thom Doucette (harp player known as 'Ace' who joins the Allmans on gigs from time to time)

and Red Dog (suave southern star road man) and other stray members of the travelling company are digging some new blues albums in the other room, you settle down to rap - and discover that the Allmans are just natural, no-bullshit people. Duane rocks back and forth as he talks animatedly of his feelings about being singled out.

"I don't think anybody who's really ever heard our band would get into that trip, man - because we're a band; a band that works like a band. Ain't nobody going nowhere; it's like we all found our place, we're all together. Ain't nobody firing nobody; we talk straight up to each other and don't have any jive crap going on. That can ruin a band - that's the only reason for anybody to leave; cause they got jive. . . . players don't like jive - you jive a player and he'll be gone".

Duane and Greg have paid those kind of dues; they spent some time in LA as part of the Hourglass, an R&B oriented studio group with two albums on the Liberty label. "A damned good band of misled cats was what it was" Duane recalls. "They'd send in a box of demos and say 'Ok, pick out your next LP'. We'd try to tell them that that wasn't where it was at, and then they'd get tough and say 'you gotta have an album man. . . . don't buck the system, just pick it out'. So, ok, we were game. . . we tried it, figured we could maybe squeeze an ounce or two of good out of all this crap - we squeezed and squeezed, but we were squeezing a rock. There was no warmth, no feeling at all in anything we were associated with - we couldn't relate to it, identify with it, or work for it. . . and the albums reflect that feeling entirely. They are very depressing for me to listen to - cats trying to get off on things that just cannot be gotten off on". So back to Florida, where Duane eventually got into session work up at Rick Hall's Fame Studio in Muscle Shoals.

Greg (who doesn't talk much at all) smiles broadly as Duane recalls their first days of music together. "One year, Greg got a guitar for Christmas, and I got me a Harley 165 motorcycle. I tore that up, and he learned how to play; he taught me, and I traded the wrecked bike parts for

another guitar. Then just the regular old apprenticeship thing - playing for anybody that'll listen, building up your chops. . ."

The Allmans grew up in Nashville, living there until Duane was 12 (now 24 he's a year or two older than Greg), then their widowed mother moved to Daytona Beach to get a better job. "We got into music down there" Duane says, "you can get it together anywhere if you really want to - and boy did we want to".

The Allmans shake their heads and laugh delightedly as they recall their first public gig. "It was at the youth centre, man, and we had these black western shirts and little white ties. . . wheeeow - we were about 13 or 14 then. Doing Hank Ballard and the Midnighters stuff, Chuck Berry tunes, and trying to get those Beatles harmonies. It was fun, man, and it's never stopped being fun. The youth club man would say 'keep your kids off the street - send them down here', right? Doing the 'dirty hunch' and feeling the chick's tits. . . . staying out of trouble, right? My lord. . ."

They learned their music the same way as practically every young blues freak did - from the late night R&B radio shows; in this case the down home sound of WLAC in Nashville Tennessee, which beams all the way up to Canada. "That was the truth and light for sure" Duane says. "People like Muddy Waters, Bobby Bland, Little Walter, J B Hutto. . . and they led to older cats like Robert Johnson and Blind Lemon Jefferson and Blind Willie Johnson; there was a record by him - 'Dark was the night' - that gave me chills when I heard it".

As Duane explains it, the social scene in Daytona was pretty simple; "white cats surf, black cats play music" he says. "We were in this mixed band called the House Rockers - we were a smoking band! Boy, I mean, we would set fire to a building in a second. We were just up there blowing as funky as we pleased; sixteen years old, 41 dollars a week, the big time. And all we wanted to hear was that damn music being stomped out. . . that's what I love man, to hear that backbeat popping, that damn

bass plonking down man, Jesus God!"

Work with several other bands followed, and eventually came a group called the Allman Joys that worked go-go and liquor bars in places like Atlanta and Mobile... much the same circuit as Johnny and Edgar Winter travelled as the Black Plague. "We'd see their name on posters and the chicks that'd been laying with them would tell us 'You gotta hear those freaky looking cats!'"

Their first record was done as the Allman Joys, a 45 single for Buddy Killen (Joe Tex's manager) on the Dial label. Duane remembers that "it was a terrible psychedelic rendition of Willie Dixon's 'Spoonful' unfortunately". The record sold regionally rather than widely, and about this time they first began to write their own material. "We spent a summer with John D Loudermilk ('Tobacco Road')". Greg says, "and he turned us on to scooping up our own stuff - why not?" So they took their new songs to Buddy Killen up on Sixteenth Avenue in Nashville. "We told him we wanted to be rock stars, but he said 'no, man, you cats better look for a day gig - you're never gonna make it... you're the worst I ever heard!'" Duane turns to Greg: "You know, when our second LP was on the charts, he called up Phil Walden (their manager) and wanted to sell him some old practice tapes we'd done when we were sixteen or seventeen. He said 'you know, Phil, I knew I should have spent more time with those boys!'" Duane and Greg shake their heads and grin ruefully.

Then came La time, and the quickly degenerating scene with Hourglass. In the meantime, other future members of the band were gigging around in the south. Guitarist Dicky Betts (from the woods near Sarasota, Florida) and his old lady had a band which also included bassist Berry Oakley from Chicago. Oakley had been working blues clubs up there for a time, joining the Romans (Tommy Roe's old back-up band) as a guitar player, "mainly just to get out on the road". He eventually wound up down south, with a big house in Jacksonville. During the same period, Jai Johnny Johanson was drumming behind people like Clifton Chenier, Joe Tex, Sam and Dave, Otis Redding, Percy Sledge and Arthur Conley.

When Hourglass fell apart, after Greg and Duane returned to Florida, they spent some time working in the other drummer, Butch Trucks', band, the 31st of February. Butch's and Dicky's bands kept running into each other at Sunday afternoon park gigs, and Duane eventually moved into Berry's house.

"One day a telegram arrived for Duane - it was from Muscle Shoals" Berry says. "So he called up to see what it was about". It turned out that Rick Hall had liked and remembered Duane's playing from a session at his studios with Hourglass. "Seems he had a very important Wilson Pickett session coming up - like a trial session to get all Wilson's recording business. If things came out well. He was getting musicians from all over to be on hand. I went on up, and we cut 'Hey Jude' - and I ended up playing on the whole album. Rick liked my playing a lot and said 'why don't you just go home and get your gear and move up here?' You can play anything that comes through the door, and make gobs of money! Well, I wasn't doing too much in Jacksonville, except drinking and jiving around, so ok, I went up. Rented me a little cabin, lived alone on this lake, with big windows looking right out on the water. I just sat there and played to myself and

got used to living without a bunch of jive Hollywood crap in my head. It's like I brought myself back to earth and came to life again. Through that, and through the sessions with good R&B players".

Besides the Pickett sessions, Duane also worked with people like Clarence Carter (see especially 'The road of love' on The Dynamic Clarence Carter), Aretha Franklin (check out 'The Weight' and 'It ain't fair' - and see his photo on the back of Aretha's Gold), Arthur Conley and King Curtis, to name a few. Most all of the sessions were done with only chord charts to work from. "Play whatever the hell you felt" he says, "just organic music..." Duane spent about 8 months woodshedding and doing session work in Muscle Shoals, then, on a visit back to Florida the present band members got together to play. "We set up the equipment and whipped up into a little jam... and the jam lasted two and a half hours. When we finally quit, nobody even said a word, man, everybody was speechless. Nobody'd ever done anything like that before - it really frightened the shit out of everybody. Right then, I knew - I said, Man, here it is, here it is".

Visits back to Florida got longer and longer until Duane finally stopped paying house rent, and moved all his clothes back down home. "I told Rick I didn't want to do full time session work anymore - I had found what I really wanted to do".

Now they were a band, but they needed equipment, good amps, and stuff. Phil Walden (manager of people like Clarence Carter, Percy Sledge, Otis Redding and others) took on the Allmans and set them up - even covering a thousand dollars in traffic violation fines after Duane took a flying cycle trip. The Allmans signed to Atco-Capricorn Records; Duane had got to know Vice President Jerry Wexler through his work with Aretha - "he's the solidest cat with the clearest eye" Duane says with affection, "a real good old man... when you've got cats like him who say 'you write the ticket, you're the player', that's when the good stuff starts coming out". The first album, 'The Allman Bros Band', set the basic pattern of a blues oriented rock group who could alternately come down heavy, or float away mellow. It sold moderately well, and tours followed, and though Duane was putting most of his energy into the band, he still did the odd session. "We all get off by ourselves to jam or write once in a while", he says. "It's good therapy, keeps you from getting stale". Duane contributed his slide and



HOURLASS

dobro work to albums by various artistes, including Boz Scaggs, John Hammond, and Ronnie Hawkins (the standout feature of 'Down in the alley', the track which gained John Lennon's endorsement, was his slide guitar). Duane also appears with Delaney & Bonnie on a couple of their albums, and is on one track on Laura Nyro's 'Beads of sweat'.

Though the list grows, probably his best known studio work (and at this writing, his personal favourite) was the Derek & the Dominos 'Layla' set. "I'd been a fan of Eric's for a long time", Duane explains. "Drove up from LA to San Francisco once, just to hear him play. So, when Tom Dowd (the producer) mentioned that Eric was going to cut some stuff at those studios, I asked Tom to be sure and call me, so I could come down and watch. You know, guitar players feel a kind of fellowship, each digging what the other is doing... it's the same with all instruments really. So I went down to listen, and Eric knew me, man, greeted me like an old friend! The cat is really a prince - he said 'Come on, you got to play on this record' - and so I did. We'd sit down and plan it out, work out our different parts and try it one time. Then we'd say, 'well, let's try some more of this in here, and some of that in there', everybody contributed, just sorting it out, Memphis style. Most of it was cut live, not much overdubbing - and it was all done in ten days".

Some people have trouble separating Eric and Duane's guitars on the record - did Duane do all the slide work? "No, Eric played some of it too, like 'Anyday' is him. He gets more of an open, slidey sort of sound. But the way to really tell; he played the Fender and I played the Gibson - the Fender is a little bit thinner and brighter, a sparkling sound, while the Gibson is just a full tilt screech". For awhile, there were rumours that Duane was leaving the Allmans to join up with Eric's band, but that was never the case, says Duane. "I did play a few gigs with them, and I was thinking about trying to make the whole tour - but it was ten weeks long, and I had my own fish to fry".

The fish frying was in the form of pretty steady six nights a week tours, one or two nights in each place - most reached by the Allmans' own Winnebago trailer bus. The second album, 'Idlewild South', firmly established the groove set by the first, featuring some fine instrumental work on flowing rock numbers and old back alley blues. But the one problem was that this was the Allmans in the studio, and live shows of theirs often turn into a whole other trip, with long extended instrumental jams that shift through all kinds of moods. This problem should be alleviated by the recently released Allmans' 'Live at the Fillmore East', a double album set, recorded during their gig there last March. The Allmans get the opportunity to stretch out some - there are only 7 songs on all four sides. Included as always, are a couple of old blues numbers, 'Statesboro Blues' and Junior Wells' 'You don't love me baby', as well as their own 'Whipping post' and 'In memory of Elizabeth Reed' (ask Dicky Betts about how that one was written some time). The band was filled out with Thom Doucette on harp, and the sound is full, flowing and smooth as smoky velvet. Though no record is as good as hearing the band live, this comes close to capturing the feeling they generate - and is another good example of the group's attitude towards the music. As Duane puts it: "You better be picking man, if you come to play in my band - come to play, not to show off your clothes". Tony Glover.



THE TIME
IS
8-50
NOT
2-55

The Original
8min's 50sec's
version of
Move on Up
is on
Curtis



by
Curtis
Mayfield

Curtis Live



a double album



MARKETED BY POLYDOR



A new column by disc jockey Bob Harris

There does seem to be a certain justification, these days, for the term 'things aint what they used to be'. Just a few days ago I was reading a letter in one of the music papers (it was Sounds in fact) which began... "It seems to have become fashionable to prophesy doom for the progressive movement..." before going on to try (without success) to disprove the point. The letter followed an excellent and articulate piece in the same issue written by Richard Gold and titled 'The Spirit of 67 Revisited', although, as he put it, the article was "simply one individual's look at the positive and negative aspects of what the dissolution of some groups and the evolution of others has given us". The heading, though, was the key; not necessarily what the author wanted but, at a guess, more in keeping with what Sounds felt would help to grip their readers attention - with a familiar point of discussion. Both items, along with other similar examples in the recent musical press, do seem to give a pointer to the barometer of general feeling. And, I must admit, I, too, feel that there is something wrong.

I too, look back with great fondness to the days when Love's 'Da Capo' and 'Forever changes', 'Playback' by the Apple Tree Theatre, Van Morrison's 'Astral Weeks', those remarkable first couple of albums from the Steve Miller Band, Elektra's early Doors and Tim Buckley things, 'Wild Flowers' by Judy Collins, the timeless Buffalo Springfield collections, and countless other outstanding American releases were still fresh and new. Then, of course, 'Sgt Pepper', 'Disraeli Gears' and 'Wheels of Fire' by Cream, the early Tyrannosaurus Rex music, Traffic's 'Mr Fantasy', and Pink Floyd's 'Piper at the gates of dawn' were also rubbing shoulders under such headings as 'English Underground A-Z' in our local record shops. Radio, too, was still sounding comparatively fresh, despite the loss of our pirates and our spirits were high.

Well, here we are in 1971 and in general, this year hasn't been a particularly good one (though my own couldn't have been happier). The 'Oz' trial has had a predictably depressing effect (not a feeling of persecution, but more the realisation that for many the verdict, and more critically the sentences, has meant the final knowledge of complete polarisation), and with it the first lash back of the repressive backlash. But I digress. For rock music, 1971 has seen the continuation of a now well-established period of sterility. The root causes, I think, are several. Firstly, a fair proportion of the bands that have been going for some time are tired of travelling. The

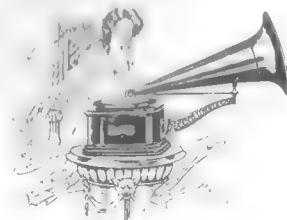
pressures of long tours and heavy gigging have become a drag and, with the exception of occasional visits to one another's basement recording studios, they've almost stopped working altogether. In all honesty I can't say I blame them; but it does dull their creative edge. Comparable, I should think, to George Best playing nothing but friendly exhibition matches. Secondly, the record companies have definitely undergone a fairly radical shift of policy during the past three or four years. I must admit, these days, to times when I really do feel 'exploited', as they say... not just by record companies, but by almost everybody connected with the recording, design, production, manufacture and sales output of so-called 'rock music product'. Everyone seems to have got into something of a rut, which often results in first albums by new signings rarely showing the originality or musical content which (one hopes) got the group the contract in the first place. With established guidelines and a clearly defined market, there is a predictable but disappointing tendency to play safe.

Another important factor is that the club atmosphere, as it was a few years back, has now almost completely disappeared, both in London and the provinces. In London, the first club was UFO in 1967, followed about 18 months later by Middle Earth. Both grew, more by word of mouth than anything else, and there was some really remarkable music. Captain Beefheart (introduced almost tearfully by John Peel), the Byrds, Jefferson Airplane, the Doors, and many others played there; and not for the money, because the clubs couldn't hold that many people. Mainly, they played there because of a mutual identification



with and through the music they played. The only club left which retains this kind of feeling is the Country Club - but that's being rapidly taken over by the jazz society. What venues there are now, tend to be either too large and formal, or of the hot paranoid and appalling variety. Or they suffer from dreadful acoustics, are local discotheques-cum-one-night-progressive clubs, or just simply completely unsuitable. The prices too (with the exception of T Rex and the recent 'penny concerts') are generally outrageous. The major groups really do charge too much, whatever their overheads. The college circuit, then, has acquired a much inflated importance and with it the tendency for a large number of bands to compromise their material (often, I'm sure, under instruction from their management) in favour of the stuff they think will 'get the audiences going' in an attempt to 'get them across'. I'm getting thoroughly fed up with every other band I go to see, finishing up with a ten minute rock'n'roll medley.

So what can we look forward to? Well, obviously there is still a great deal of music emerging which shows sensitivity, originality and talent. The 'Who's Next' sounds more masterful every time I listen... a beautifully constructed and very courageous album - much good will come of it. Terry



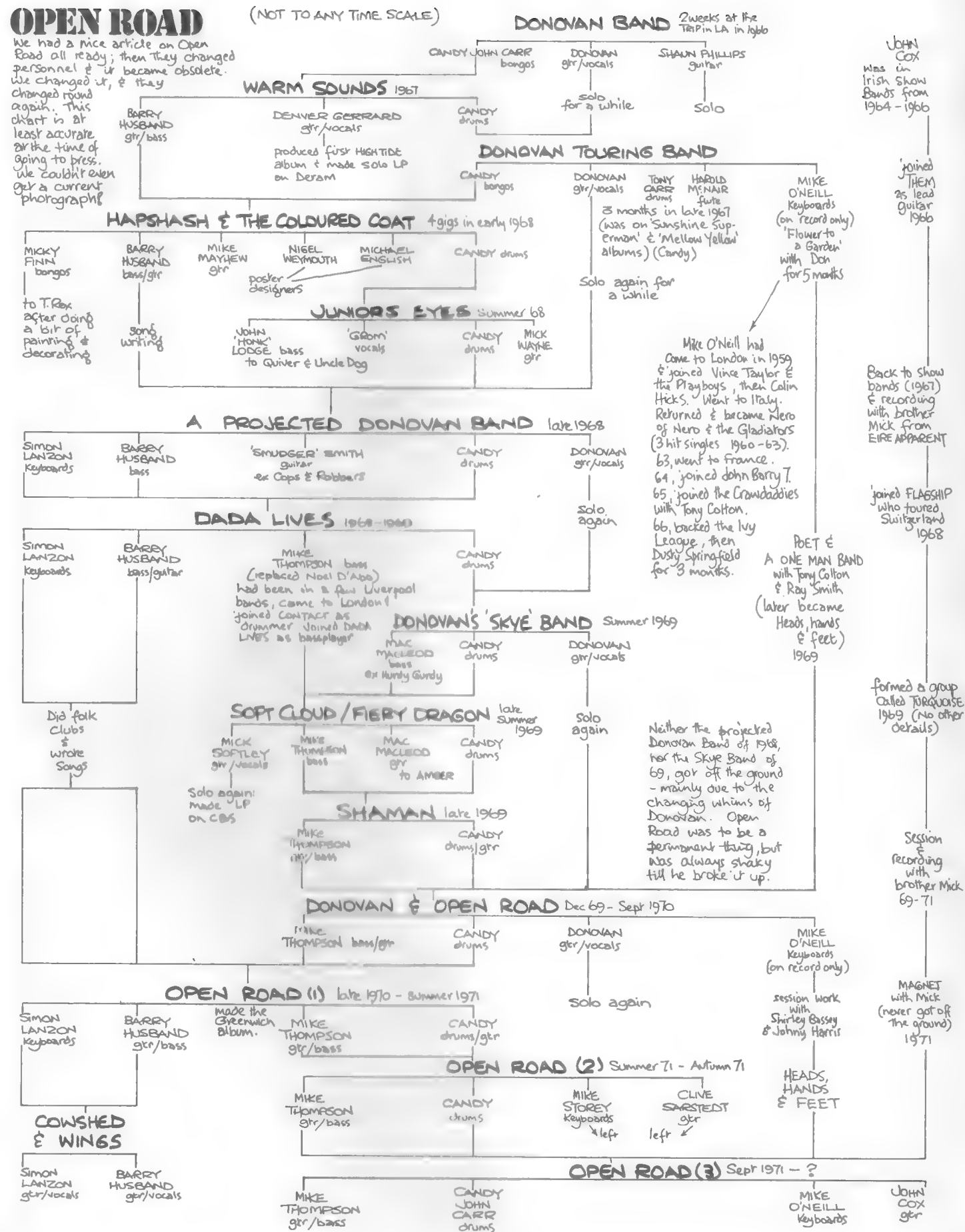
THE NEW DISC COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE.

Reid's first for Warners should be outstanding, and America's, for the same label, also promises to be excellent. The Lindisfarne album has given me a lot of pleasure over the last twelve months, and so has 'Songs for a gentle man' by Bridget St John. Procol Harum seem to have discovered a new direction and incentive, and Tapestry, though not yet recording, write and perform some beautiful and imaginative music. T Rex, as well as producing some magnificent and committed music, have provided the Top 20 with a welcome breath of excitement and fresh air, and each of Loudon Wainwright's two albums has been a masterpiece. 1971 has also seen the emergence of Rod Stewart (and not before time) as a major force. But really, we do need a lot more.

Ideally, we need to change our states of mind completely... simply, we need more commitment. Perhaps then, the people who buy the records would stop caring who is and who isn't this week's new superstar, and the media would stop fostering this dreadful ego-feeding idiosyncrasy and do something positive to help some of the newer bands who really deserve it. Perhaps then the record companies, and particularly the groups' agencies, would show a little less capitalistic coldness, and perhaps the groups themselves would show a little more concern for the people whose souls they still have but whose spirits they seem to have lost. Perhaps then, as we did in 1967, we can involve ourselves in and communicate through the music which gives us so much enjoyment, and rediscover our direction and love.

OPEN ROAD

We had a nice article on Open Road all ready; then they changed personnel & it became obsolete. We changed it, & they changed round again. This chart is at least accurate at the time of going to press. We couldn't even get a current photograph!



Terry Riley

Terry Riley is an American composer, whose work in the field of electronics and improvisations around modal patterns has brought him great respect and admiration from both rock and jazz musicians. The first time I ever remember hearing about him was in 1967, when he did a series of concerts in Stockholm that resulted in some unfortunate and unforeseen violence among students. His concerts have a reputation for being extremely long, some lasting from midnight to sun-up next day, just himself and a chosen group of musicians playing against a Moog Synthesizer which churns out patterns all night. Other of his concerts have featured 'Poppy No goods Phantom Band', 'The Daughters of Destruction', and 'Poppy Nogood and the Persian Surgery Band' - but the only times that I know of when his music has been heard live over here were at The Proms last year (when the Soft Machine played), and last November when a pianist called John Tilbury gave a recital of his works

at the Queen Elizabeth Hall.

To date, Riley has made three albums. The first 'In C' (just released here on CBS 64565) was recorded early in March 1968 with a group of composers and performers from the University of Buffalo. Despite the apparent complexity of the music, its structure is in fact very simple. The score is reproduced in the American album notes and is nothing more than a framework for improvisation. An exact and more detailed account of the technicalities of the music is, I feel, rather unenlightening and unless you're out to impress someone with a lot of talk about pulses, figures, beats and rests, then I advise you to dispense with trying to understand it, and instead, enjoy it for what it is. In basic, simple terms, Riley's music is music to drift away on. Without being able to pin it down, it moves about in all directions - very, very spaced out. But the simplicity is misleading, because so much is happening; each time you listen to the record, you hear something different - so in effect, you've got about 9 records in one. Its contrasts have urged the intellectualizers to draw analogies with birth and death, day and night, etc, but in their haste to be nominated for Pseud's Corner, they have missed the point. Riley's music only goes half way; it demands the audience to go the other half - to create their own lines of thought, and to use the timelessness of their music to suit their own personal fantasies. Other people whose music is in this respect very similar, are the acid

'Grateful Dead, Miles Davis, the Third Ear Band and the Soft Machine. It's very demanding music and, sadly, for most people it may be too demanding.

Riley's second album is 'A Rainbow in curved air' (recorded very late in 1969, and just released here on CBS 64564). On the title track, taking up all of side one, Riley plays all the instruments; electric organ, electric harpsichord, rocksichord, dombec (a one faced Persian drum), and tambourine. The piece is in 14 beat rhythm cycles and, as with 'In C', there is a lot of room for improvisation, each sequence of notes being repeated endlessly but at different time intervals. If your mind is empty and free to wander, then the effect can be quite hypnotic, but for those who require something they can identify with or relate to, it will probably be meaningless and, even worse, boring.

'Church of Anthrax', which was Riley's third LP but released here a few months ago, was made in conjunction with John Cale, formerly a Velvet. It consists of a very strange mixture involving Cale's lyrics and weirdo bass and piano, with Riley's droning organ. There's much more to it than that of course, and although there are only 5 tracks, there's a lot of interesting music... but take my advice if you aren't familiar with Riley's work; start off with 'A Rainbow in Curved Air' and then move on to the others. Repeat the dose until cured.

Andy Childs
Reprinted from Fat Angel

Another article ripped off from the Dallas Hooka (ups).

Q: The group has seen a few changes of late - are any more contemplated?

Dino: No - this is it. The best thing to happen to us after we lost John Cippolina to the street, was the acquisition of Joey Covington, the Airplane's drummer. We are hanging together pretty good at the moment, and we plan to keep it that way.

Q: What about a new album?

Dino: We're in the middle of cutting one right now - hope to have it wrapped up and released by the end of September. It ought to be completely different from any of our others - should be the best yet... a few surprises I think you'll dig.

Q: What about another live album - like 'Happy Trails'?

Dino: No - concert situations aren't too ideal for recording - too much of the music gets lost in auditoriums, especially by the time you get it on tape, transfer it to record, and then play it back on your stereo. In the studio, you can lay your music down solid, get everything right, and put emphasis on certain parts if you want that. You can't always get what you want at concerts.

Q: What do you think about censorship?

Dino: It's just another way that the handful of people with power control you.

Q: Do you meet any when you're recording?

Dino: Oh yeah; they freak out when you try to record something with a strong message. I guess they think it'll offend someone and hurt sales. What they don't know is that they'd probably sell a lot more if they let us record what the people want to hear. They hassle me about some of the songs I write, but I'm not going to sell out and give them the garbage they want. When I joined the group, we cut those two albums without a contract; we just took the tapes to Capitol, said 'here you are... now sell them'. They did. That's the first time I've heard of a group cutting two albums

and getting them sold without a contract.

Q: Do you have any thoughts on politics?

Dino: Not much - can't even figure out what the fuck Spiro Agnew's supposed to be. I do know that he's the biggest joke of all time though. I pretty well fell out of politics when Kennedy was blown out of this world - right here in Dallas.

Texas sucks! But I've got to hand it to the freaks here; anyone who can let their hair down and try to be free in the face of all this shit has to be awfully strong and righteous. You know, Texas and the rest of the south are ruled by the old people. People like that are going to drop out of this life before too long; I'm going to have kids and you're going to have kids, and it won't be long before we have got this fucked-up world right again. We're growing every day.

Q: A lot of your songs concentrate on love, rather than pointing out the bad things...

Dino: Well, we feel a responsibility to the people who pay to hear us perform. They see enough of life's shit without us

**A QUICK CHAT WITH
DINO VALENTE
OF
QUICKSILVER
MESSENGER
SERVICE**

having to shovel a bit more into their ears and eyes. People have been put down, kicked around and shat upon long enough - they don't need us to add to it. Music has a lot to do with people and emotions; you don't need to take some chick or dude who's tripping and freak them out with screams of hate, kill, blood, violence and stuff like that. We owe the people something better.

Q: What are your views on dope?

Dino: Grass can be a very good friend, and most organics are alright. As far as the rest of the field is concerned, all I can say is 'to each, his own'. Dope is good until it stops feeling good - when that happens, it's no good.

Q: Do you feel that more and more people are questioning the government and the 'programming' of America?

Dino: Yes - I see more and more who are really getting into and feeling what is being said. Because of the schooling and programming, a lot of our brothers and sisters are being left pretty bent; after getting twisted up like that, it's tough getting your head on a level plane. With time and a lot of work on our part, we'll make things right - it's up to us to spread love and understanding to everyone.

Q: What about girls?

Dino: Girls are raised to believe that they have to go with a guy for six months before letting him ball her. That's tough on a dude trying to make her - he's somehow got to compress six months into six minutes of rap. As for Mr Average American Businessman, he's so fucked up that he can't even ball his wife - I could, but I won't... I'd ball his daughter though - and probably will if I get the chance. I feel as though I'm twice as strong mentally, ten times as strong physically, and for sure one hundred times stronger spiritually than Mr Businessman; he's already dead for practical purposes.

Like I said in 'What about me', 'I don't want no trouble, but I'm living in a world of trouble already'.

Continued from the last issue.

Al: I got hired to play organ on a session for a band called the Blues Project, which was already in existence. Well, I played on it, with Tom Wilson producing, and a few days later the band invited me out to lunch and asked me to join. Well, like I said, I couldn't play organ too well but I thought 'it'll be ok - I can learn how to play it properly. In this dumb-assed band', because the band wasn't big then... in fact it wasn't anything, because it had only just started; they didn't have any money on anything.

ZZ: This was just after you left Dylan, right?

Al: Yeah - and people thought I was really strange in those days - I had a funny sort of reputation; I walked around with an earring in my left ear, and wore these polka dot shirts that I got in L.A. when I did the Dylan gig there, and which no-one in New York had ever seen anything like... because in those days, L.A. was a teeming city - way ahead of anywhere else in the States. The Village was like a return to the roots, but L.A. was into the future - and no-one in New York was wearing clothes like the ones I came back with. So anyway, people used to think I was pretty weird, and it turned out to be a good thing for the Blues Project... it added something to their image, because they were all folkies.

ZZ: What was the gig scene like as a New York blues band?

Al: Well, we got this gig at the Cafe au Go Go, and we played there opposite various famous blues singers and always stole the show - probably because we were the highest energy band there has ever been on a par with Sly Stone. There was so much fucking energy going down from the time we went on till the time we came off, and no-one had ever seen anything like that. That's what made our name - and after that, we just soared like rockets... I couldn't believe it. This was the band that I was just going to use as a filler between sessions, but I packed up sessions



almost straight away and gave all my studio work to Paul Harris.

ZZ: Why did Tommy Flanders leave?

Al: Well, he and Danny used to do all of the singing and for some reason, which I can't remember, they had a terrible row and he quit - so I became a singer. The same bunch of people used to come and see us all the time - we had a hardcore following, mainly because we just played this one club all the time for several months, and gradually more and more got to hear about us. They decided to record us right there, but I didn't dig that album at all (Verve Forecast FTS 3000): it just didn't capture us - it didn't get all the sweat flying through the air and the frenzy of the audience and the constant fighting between Danny Kalb and me. But we got pretty popular - we used to see queues stretching right down the block - and we couldn't really see why. I mean, none of us were any good as singers and there we were playing this weird-ass blues pinball music. Then one night, when I was pretty stoned, I saw it all - we would come on after the comedian and the audience was just immediately transported to a sea of activity - they'd stand up, shout, bang on the tables and just go mad... it was a real clubwrecking band.

ZZ: Why did you leave it, when it was a potential world class band?

Al: Well, during the 2 1/2 years I was with them, I almost quit 5 times - Danny and I just couldn't get on... we were always at each other's throats. In the end, I really did quit; I was into jazz and commercial pop music and I was just using the blues as roots, but Danny was a hardcore blues cat... his whole life was blues, and I just didn't see any future in it. As it was, we didn't play any blues numbers without modernising them and re-arranging them completely, but Danny thought that was valid. There's a track on 'Projections' (FTS 3008) called 'Two trains running', which is really Danny for what he was; we did

one track which was totally incredible... we were all looking at each other in disbelief because it was so good, but three quarters of the way through, Danny shouts out 'I just can't go on - it's fucking awful'. So we did it again, and the version on the record is just as incredible in its own way - and right in the middle of this very delicate guitar run, Danny decided that one of his strings had slipped out of tune and he tuned it up - right in the middle - you can hear it if you listen... everything stops and he does his solo, and turns the peg in the middle of it... whew! Well, that was his number - he got his thing down with that; Steve Katz got his down on 'Steve's Song'; and Andy Kulberg got his thing down with 'Electric Flute thing' on the 'Town Hall' album (FTS 3025). I never really got down an example of where I was at at the time - except maybe 'No time like the right time' (on 'Town Hall'), which was very pop and very commercial.

Well, it came to a head when I wanted to bring brass into the band - and everybody was against it... so I quit because the urge to get into new things was

ZZ: Did you just say 'ok, I'm going'?

Al: Well, one day I just literally flipped; it all became too much to take. I was fighting with my lady, fighting with the band, fighting with everybody - and all of a sudden, something went snap in my head... I actually heard it, and I thought 'I'm not responsible for anything I do from now on'. I started crying and banging the wall, then just got into bed and didn't say anything for three days; everyone came to see me and look at me, begging me to say something. Well, I had nothing to say; I thought I was insane - so I decided to go to California. I didn't have a dime, so I borrowed 2,000 dollars for me and my lady to fly to L.A.

ZZ: Didn't you make any bread with that band?

Al: Not really - just enough to buy a few clothes and magazines, and to pay the rent



....just enough to get by. Anyway, I got progressively worse when I got to California - I knew I'd gone crazy; I was treating my lady like shit (till she did the smartest thing she could - and split), but I knew I had to get myself back together, so I started to look around for some musicians to form a band. I found a guitar player called Danny Weiss, who really killed me, but he was with Iron Butterfly and would not leave them (though he did a short time later, to join Rhinoceros), and a bass player called Jim Fielder, who had just been fired from the Buffalo Springfield. Well, I knew him from the days when he used to play 12 string guitar with the Mothers, who often used to share gigs with the Blues Project in New York. I started hanging out with him and a drummer called Sandy Konikoff (later with Taj Mahal, Joe Cocker, etc), and, as a trio, we did a gig at the Big Sur Folk Festival, playing all the new songs I'd been writing; 'I can't quit her', 'I love you more than you will ever know' and all the stuff that eventually got onto the first Blood Sweat & Tears album. It was nice, and really turned me on, so I started doing solo gigs at clubs around Berkeley and San Francisco, just sleeping on people's floors - and some of the gigs were really nice...like one I did with Taj Mahal, just the two of us.

ZZ: How did you come to form Blood Sweat & Tears?

Al: Well, I was really fed up with America - I hated it; so I thought I'd try to get a band together in London, which sounded exciting to me. But I only got as far as New York, and I couldn't find anyone to lend me any money for the fare to London - so I decided to throw a benefit for myself at the Cafe au Go Go. Well, I called up some friends, and for two nights I put

on concerts with Judy Collins, Simon & Garfunkel, Eric Andersen and me - and the place was jammed. I wanted to go on with some musicians backing me, so I asked Steve Katz, who came along with a drummer he knew called Bobby Colomby; and I got Jim Fielder to fly in from the Coast. Well, we did our set and people from record companies came up and wanted to sign us up - just like that, as we were - but I wanted to do it with horns, so I told them all to hang on. Then the owner of the Cafe au Go Go decided that he was going to keep all the money from the benefits, so I was stuck in New York.

ZZ: So you formed BS&T round that nucleus?

Al: Yes - although they weren't particularly the cats I had in mind. It was easy though, because Bobby knew a sax player, who knew a trombone player, and so on - so it became reality... though I stressed to them that it had to be my band - I knew exactly what I wanted to do, and I demanded control, which they accepted. It took about 4 months to get together, during which time Columbia signed us up, and then we took off... headlining concerts straight away.

ZZ: What role did John Simon play in the production of the first album?

Al: Well, he was more of an editor. I met him in LA when he was doing a Simon and Garfunkel album, and I played him 'I can't quit her', which knocked him out. He said 'If you ever record that, I'd sure like to produce it!', so I remembered him and asked him to help out. He was a sweet cat. The first day, we went into the studio and just went right through every song we did and recorded the lot in one take; then John and I went back to his house with the tape

and we went through it. He picked holes in the parts he didn't like; 'that lick's no good.... don't like that part' and things like that - he always had good reasons for his decisions and he kept forcing me to come up with something better, or else he came up with something better. Then, after two weeks, we went back into the studio, and it took two weeks to record and mix the whole thing.

ZZ: Which track would you pick out as your favourite, looking back?

Al: 'I love you more than you'll ever know' - the recording of that was a very emotional experience for me. I pinched the idea from Otis Redding who sang a song called 'I love you more than words can say', which killed me, but I could never sing because it was too difficult. So I wrote that song instead - and the night before we recorded that, Otis Redding died, which really fucked me up. Anyway, I went straight in and did the song - it took all night to get it right, but it meant a lot to me... it still does. I really worked hard on that.

The album came out and Columbia sent us on a ten city tour, but the audiences just couldn't understand us at all; 'what kind of shit is this?' It was just like the Dylan thing - they didn't boo, but they didn't understand what was going on. At a couple of places, where Steve and I had a big following, we wiped them out, but generally the audiences were puzzled.

After a while, we ended up back at the Cafe au Go Go, but the band started getting messy... I was bringing in new tunes and the band didn't want to do them - they had got a little heady. So I reminded them that it was my band, under my direction, but they all wanted to do their own stuff and push their own ideas. They'd tell me they were better musicians than me and I'd say 'ok, I respect that' (because every horn man in the band also played better keyboards than me), but finally it got too much.

ZZ: So while things were going ok, the band had a stabilising effect on you?

Al: Yeah - putting that band together and getting it off the ground had really brought me back to earth - I quit drugs and I had settled down into being a human being once more... it brought me back to sanity; it also made me try harder - the fact that my instrumental ability wasn't as high as some of the others. Anyway, one day we had this meeting; I remember that day very well because I knew what was going to happen and I was very upset - like it was my baby, and it had grown up and wanted to leave home. We played a gig that night and they all showed their hatred towards me - right there on stage... it was terrifying. So afterwards, I went into the dressing room and said 'ok, I quit'.

Fred Lipsius came round to see me later that night and said 'this whole thing has been very disillusioning to me - I'm going to quit and go back to college'. Well I loved Freddie - he was great - but I advised him to stay on until the band folded, just in case they got something together. He's the best sax player I've ever heard in my life - he's better than Charlie Parker or Ornette Coleman or any of those people. Well, he stayed on.

I went to see Clive Davis at Columbia and told him all about it, and he said 'but you must stay on until they get a replacement'. 'I can't!' I told him, 'they're going to punch the shit out of me if I do!' John



DEAD WEEKEND IN PARIS

PARIS, on a mid-summer's day June 1971, and the Dead are in town. Or, to be more precise, just out of town.

For the last three days, we've been staying in the 16th century chateau d'Herouville, once the home of Chopin, and which now houses a 16 track studio called 'Strawberry' and a heated swimming pool in the back yard. The 16 people who comprised the Dead entourage on this occasion arrived 'peu a peu' during the few days preceding the date of their proposed performance at a free festival on the Rodeo Ranch at Auvers-sur-Oise, and Bob Weir, myself, and 3½ tons of equipment comprising 106 pieces, brought up the rear on the Saturday afternoon.

We were greeted with the news that due to the heavy rain which fell on Friday night, the festival organiser, Jean Bouquin, had cancelled the remainder of the event, and the newspapers were full of pictures of rain-soaked French freaks wending their weary way home through the mud.

Six thousand miles is a long way to come for nothing, and although various attempts were made to arrange a concert at a suitable venue in Paris, (and there was talk of taking the entire entourage and 3½ tons of equipment to the Glastonbury Fair), what finally happened must have been one of the most amazing events at which the Grateful Dead - or any other band for that matter - have ever played.

The chateau is now owned by noted film music composer Michel Magne who, despite an unexpectedly high influx of guests due to the cancellation of the festival, managed to accommodate everyone in grand style, producing food and wine as if by magic. I hadn't seen the Dead since the Hollywood festival in England last year but somehow they are so much a part of my life these days that there didn't seem to have been that much of a gap.

I came across Jerry Garcia taking a leisurely stroll in the grounds, and within minutes became engrossed in a conversation that, rather like his guitar work, developed from a simple opening



statement into the conversational equivalent of an improvised fugue. Impossible to relate to you in detail a discussion that simultaneously embraced the mechanics of the record industry, the sociological aspects of high finance and what Chopin might have done, had the heated swimming pool been installed while he lived there.

By the time you read this, the Dead will have completed mixing their new double LP, and Jerry will probably have finished work on his solo album. Pigpen too is planning an album of his own, and is thinking of using brass accompaniment on some tracks; he really is far out you know - slept for almost 48 hours, in spite of the constant comings and goings of the household and, having surfaced, played and sung up a storm, then went back to bed.

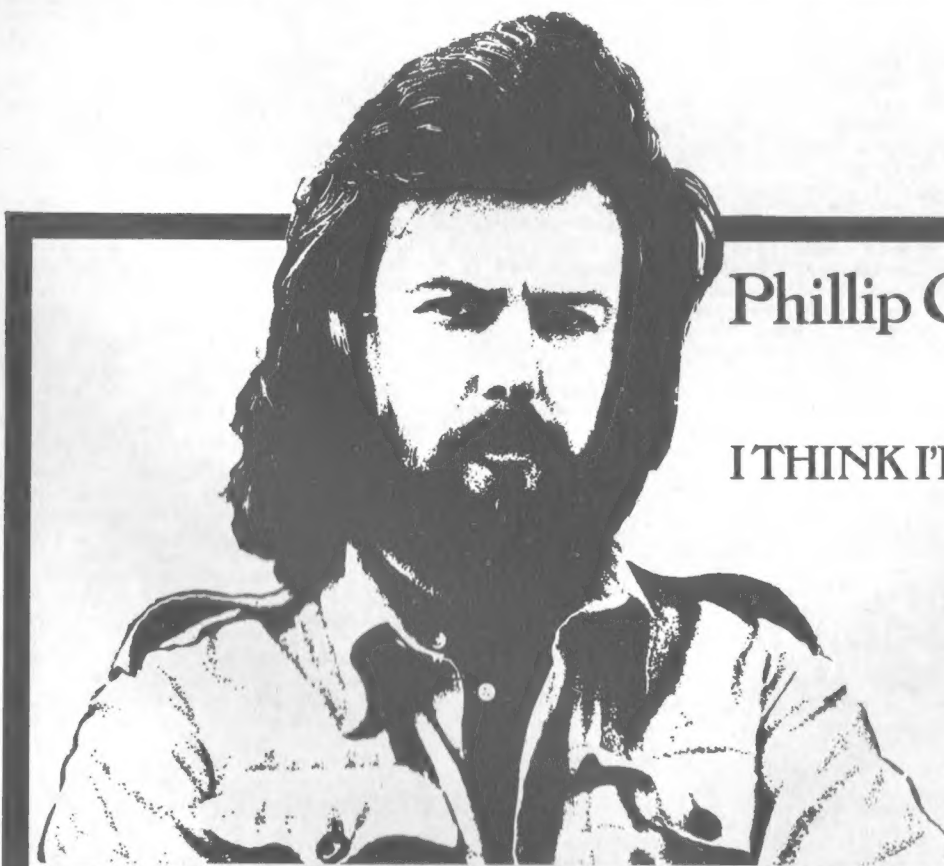
Oh yes, of course they did play. On the Monday evening in the grounds of the chateau, by the side of the heated swimming pool to an audience which consisted of the entire population of the village, including the mayor, the local fire brigade (in uniform and with appliance), and 200 French farmers, with wives and children.

For four hours they played - old songs, new songs, getting off as only they can; and the audience loved it. Grand mothers bounced babies in time to the music, and the young ones indulged in the ancient French custom of throwing each other, fully clothed, into the pool. Our host laid out food and wine on tables surrounding the pool, and even supplied one thousand and one candles to light the scene.

A young lady journalist was busily trying to list the titles of the songs, and was getting more and more flustered until she realised at last that when the Dead play, it doesn't really matter much what the titles are. As for me, I know that they started with 'Truckin' and kept on that way until the sun started to brighten the horizon.

I came back to London on the following afternoon and was quite surprised to find that it was still there.

Ian Samwell
(Special Projects man for Warner/Reprise)



Phillip Goodhand-Tait

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FOR elderly rockers like me, it's pretty incredible to be able to talk to those who were around at the start of their musical interests. I got to talk with Don Everly, which was fantastic because I actually sat in the same room as him for an hour or so; it wasn't quite so good with Link Wray (another of my early heroes as composer and performer of the legendary 'Rumble') due to the vagaries of the transAtlantic telephone system which bugged up my carefully prepared tape recording plans. The reason for the phone call... Link isn't in England, though he expressed a fervent desire to get over here as soon as possible and asked that we try to get his name spread about a bit. As it is, he still receives a fair amount of fan mail from England, which must be pretty gratifying for a guy whose most famous record was released here in 1958, and he mentioned as some of his fans a group of people who call themselves the Soul Sect, to whom we must award a large number of points for their continued devotion.

This month Link has a new album released (Polydor 2489 029), which marks his return to the recording scene after a gap of several years, and which was preceded only by singles - like 'Rumble' on Cadence, 'Rawhide' on Epic, and 'Jack the Ripper' and 'Weekend' on Swan. Unfortunately, that's by no means a complete list, but perhaps we'll be able to get the whole lot when he comes over. The thing about the album, as mentioned in ZZ 21, is that it's amazingly natural and was recorded in a chicken coop (publicist's dream). This enterprisingly converted studio apparently lacked the space to get all the gear in, so they chucked the odd speaker outside and miked it up out there. Not only that, but all the recording is done, Link says, at his own speed. No recording schedule for him; he does it when he feels like it, and when the other guys around him feel like it - that's Billy Hodges on keyboards, Bobby Howard on (very tasteful) mandolin, and Link's brother Doug on drums. Then there's Steve Verocca, who discovered that world wide hit 'Volare' in Italy some years back and came to America as a result; he met Link and was responsible for his signing with Polydor, a company which the artist really digs since they've decided to record albums with all Link's family too (brother Doug's is already in course of preparation). They're also making a film about the part of the country where Link lives - presumably for promotion purposes - but the whole deal seems to give him that wanted feeling.

But more of now later. Link's original discovery makes an interesting story. He made a demo disc of 'Rumble' which was played on a Washington radio station by a DJ called Bill Grant. Archie Bleyer of the Cadence label (see early Everly Brothers album sleeves) came to Washington to promote a single by the Chordettes, one of whom, interestingly enough, was his wife. Grant played the demo of 'Rumble' to Bleyer. Bleyer just didn't dig it, but to quote Link: "It was the early days of payola and in order to get the Chordettes single played on the station, he was persuaded to take 'Rumble' for his label". Even so, he didn't put out the record until much later - after some body had put it on at one of his parties, and everyone decided it was a knockout. (Shades of early rock film story lines!)

After 'Rumble', the stay with Cadence was totally fruitless. Bleyer wanted to record Wray in New York. That was a bummer, so he tried Nashville. Also a failure, after which he decided to take a look at the place where Link had wanted to record all along - the basement studio he'd made at the farm where he lived. Well,



LINK WRAY

even in those days of comparatively primitive recording techniques, Bleyer was slightly disconcerted by what he saw - a single track Ampex and a microphone he'd fashioned out of an abandoned telephone. So he released Link from his contract after just that one record. The only bit to add to this part of the story is that the writers credited with composing 'Rumble' and its b-side are Grant and Wray; in fact Link wrote them, but gave Bill Grant some of the royalties by way of repayment for his early enthusiasm.

The next part was rather difficult to hear, but from what I could gather,

he signed with Epic next. This was a rather longer deal because, despite dissatisfaction (presumably on both sides), they kept him under contract for five years. At the end of this time he met two really nice guys, whose names unfortunately came to me as Crackety Crackle and Bumpity Bump (probably Frank Slay & Bob Crewe); they were from Swan Records (who had some hits with Freddie Cannon and others). That scene folded when the label folded and Link didn't bother to record for a long time - until he met Steve Verroca in fact. (The Swan recordings came out here on Stateside by the way).

Rolling Stone 86 told a story about Pete Townshend meeting Link at the Record Plant in New York. Apparently it's true; another Wray brother - Vernon (known to the world as Ray Vernon) - was around and was introduced to the Who, who were recording 'Who's Next'. Townshend was dead chuffed and asked if he could meet Link; when he did, he couldn't believe it, saying things like "you're our heritage!", while Moon trucked around the studio muttering "rumble, rumble".

Some strange stories about Link's equipment came out of the Rolling Stone thing; he was the first person to use a tremelo, right? "Yes - I had a Premier amp with cross over heads, a big 15 inch speaker and two 8 inch tweeters. I got a fuzz box effect by making holes in the tweeters, which rattled, and the tremelo was on my amp - none of this foot pedal stuff... you just turned one of the knobs and the thing came on. Also, I got this kazoo effect by using a hose pipe, making wah wah noises down it (using my mouth), which went through the amp".

We got onto Indians; Link is a part Shawnee. I asked him what he thought about the way that other Indians in the field, like Buffy Sainte Marie and Redbone, were trying to draw attention to the way the American Government was treating them. "Well, Buffy doesn't have the Indian heritage that I do. She was an orphan, brought up by a nice White middle class family with a good income. My own upbringing was rather different - I was raised in a very poor black southern community, where segregation was practised. There was a school for the whites, and a school for the blacks, and a school for the Indians, which was the one I went to. Buffy just hasn't got the heritage, but all the same, she is doing a good job in telling people about what's going on".

Musical influences came next. I said I detected a lot of Chicago blues in his music. "Well, it's not really Chicago... Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf's music originally came from the south, like perhaps New Orleans, and that's where my music has its roots. But in many parts of the States, people have never heard of the cats I just mentioned - it's only people like Mick Jagger who brought them into popularity."

At this point, the weakness of the telephone link became too much for me and I decided I'd better call a halt. One last question: "How's the album doing in the States?" "Very well - lots of radio plays, and nice write ups. It makes me feel really good". That's no more than the man deserves, and let me too give his album a recommendation. Try the second side in your local record shop and you'll see what I mean. If the record comes off well here, a tour will be on the cards, which will give you the opportunity to see a legend, and me the opportunity to speak to him with a little more clarity.

John (With thanks to Clive Woods and Mike Clifford for arranging the call - sorry about the phone bill).

JACK BRUCE

Continued from page 6

thought as I did about the instrument.

ZZ: The 'Things we like' album (only recently released) was recorded before the group (Cream) split, wasn't it?

Jack: Yes, the summer before. It wasn't just a jam, as one or two reviewers seemed to think; I wrote it for a trio (I've still got all the music which I wrote out upstairs) which would consist of Jon Hiseman, Dick Heckstall-Smith and me. You see, nothing was happening in Cream at the time, and I was bored and wanted to play - and I also thought it would be nice to make a record playing stand-up bass, which I hadn't played for ages. I wanted to get a really good recorded sound from the acoustic bass and used about 5 mikes to get all the sounds... the actual noise of plucking, the note from the belly of the bass, the percussive noise when you press your fingers down on the neck and so on. I love the record - I'm not trying to say it's a great jazz record or anything, but it's a fucking nice album... It makes me feel happy whenever I put it on. Every track is a first take - all recorded live.

ZZ: Did you say you wrote it for a trio?

Jack: Yes, then John McLaughlin just turned up out of the blue. We were doing this trio thing and McLaughlin walks in carrying his amp. Well, we'd done the first two tracks as a trio, but I rewrote the rest for a quartet. Everyone says "Oh yes, a nice jamming album" but it isn't a jamming album - all the improvisation was within the limits I set. I think Dick's playing on 'Born to be blue' is the best he has ever done... never fails to move me.

ZZ: Do you treat the string bass and bass guitar as being totally unrelated?

Jack: I don't think that with a bass guitar you should try to emulate a string bass - rather you should make use of the fact that you've got a compact instrument, you can play much faster, bend strings and so on. Play it like a 4 stringed, low pitched guitar - that's how I see it. Cliff Barton (to whom 'Over the cliff' on 'Things we like' is dedicated) didn't agree - he used to play it as if it were a double bass and got the same sound... he just saw it as a convenient way of making double bass sounds. I couldn't believe it when he died - it made such an impression on me... and Mike Taylor, when he went... I couldn't believe that; things like that matter so much to me - I don't know if it's because I'm a Taurus or because I have so few friends, but when people who I know die, it's like losing a part of me...

ZZ: Is that why you dedicated 'Songs for a tailor' to Jeanie the Tailor?

Jack: The reason was that the day I did that album I got a letter from her - she was in England and travelling around, and the day she got killed I got a letter from her which said all the same little things that she always used to say, like "sing some high notes for me".

ZZ: There's nothing in any of the songs about her though?

Jack: There's one song, 'Theme for an imaginary Western', which is sort of about groups going on the road, and equating people in groups with the cowboys going west - Pete Brown's idea, and a lovely one. And the people left by the wayside are Jeanie, and Mike Taylor, and John Hart, and you know, you can go on for as long as you like.

ZZ: That album threw a lot of people who were expecting a logical Cream follow-on.

Jack: Right - well I think I've succeeded in throwing people with everything I've done. I don't want people to know what they're going to get... surprises and changes are nice.

ZZ: Your first post Cream group was Jack Bruce & Friends...

Jack: Yes - we did two gigs in England, which weren't very successful, Lancaster University and the Lyceum. We were only thinking in terms of playing and singing some songs and we weren't very together. By the time we got to Texas, that band was sounding really nice, and the best drum solo I've ever heard was by Mitch Mitchell on our second gig in Detroit... It had every thing a drum solo should have, and I've never seen anyone play a better one. Mitch has got it in him - he just needs someone to pull it out. Sometimes I was able to pull it out of him; Jimi was always able to.

ZZ: Were you consciously trying to get away from the restrictions of Cream with that band?

Jack: Well, the easiest thing would have been to get a heavy band together and to have made a multi million dollar tour of the world... that would have been easy. But what I wanted to do was more difficult - I wanted to explore my own capabilities using the independence I'd got from Cream. I'm not looking for easy ways, I'm looking for the truth, and I don't think you find that by looking for the easiest way. I like to set up difficulties and overcome them - it's the only way you'll find anything surprising or new.

ZZ: What memories do you have of Lifetime?

Jack: Lifetime was, without a doubt, the best band there ever was in the world. I really believe that, and anybody who listened to that band with an open mind, and let the music wash over him, would have realised that. The honesty and cosmic purpose there was in that band... the fact that racial differences could unite to form a gestalt that worked... I've never experienced energy like that band had.

ZZ: Did the record reflect that, do you think?

Jack: Oh, I made that the day I met them - it was just a couple of hours I had and I sat in. We never made any records as a band, but I think we will someday - when Tony Williams has worked out his ego problems, which have probably come as a result of his having played with Miles Davis since he was 16. He's a great drummer, but that's not the answer - there's the humility of being part of the world. I spoke to John McLaughlin on the phone the other day, and we'll all get together again... someday - when everybody's head is in the right place and when we're not anchored down by contractual difficulties.

ZZ: Is that what happened to that band?

Jack: It's an over simplification, but yes, you could say that.

ZZ: What about the band you played with at Ronnie Scott's not long ago?

Jack: Oh, that was Coryell's band. He made use of me by using my material and getting lots of people down to hear him. He's ok if he would just go out and play and try to get some balls from somewhere... he could do it, because he's got a lot of technique, nearly as much as anybody. But he thinks that he's above being a rock musician, and I think that the highest thing you could be at the moment is a good rock

musician, because I think that rock is the important music of the time we're living in. I was just the bass player on that gig but there was such a lack of energy coming from him, that I had to step in and make certain things happen - which I didn't dig, because all I wanted to do was play bass. I think that at some point he might come round the corner because I think there is something in him other than the best cabaret jazz guitar player in the world.

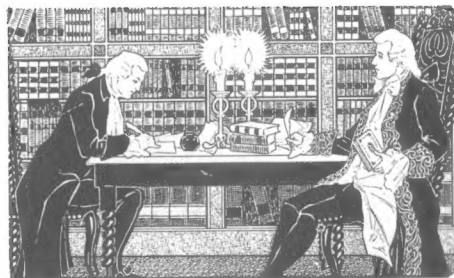
ZZ: And now you're going on the road again with your own band.

Jack: Yes - all I can say is that it's a lovely band. It's not playing anything new inasmuch as we're not out to break any musical barriers, but we want to take everything that we have individually, put it together, and have a fucking good time... laugh and play. I've never been in a happy band before - I mean, when I play, I become possessed and I lose control over what I'm doing... it's just energy that comes and takes over my body - but in this band, all I've got to do is look at Graham beaming at me, and I crack up. And John Marshall is just a beautiful drummer - I've never seen a drummer who has the power to play all those rhythms that he does and yet still listen and hear everything that's going on. I mean, usually drummers are the lowest of the low - they've got the power to fuck everything up, battering everything in sight. But this is a group. Chris Spedding has really blossomed out since I first met him on 'Songs for a tailor'... he's like an atomic Steve Cropper. Art Themen is the world's greatest blues horn player - there's no-one like him. He comes straight from cardiac surgery and just blows - he's going to make what gigs he can.

ZZ: Will the band be able to record, or will contracts prevent it?

Jack: Oh no, we can get round them. My next record, I want to be a double or a triple album... you see, what we're doing is making new forms - Pete Brown and I are experimenting with different forms all the time. The blues is obviously the most lasting form and a lot of musicians, like the Stones, are content to let nice things happen, but over the same changes and forms. I'm not content with that - I want to make new forms, and when I say forms, I mean new shapes and constructions. I never allow my songs to fall into the trap of using the same changes - it would be so easy to do that... I could write half a dozen songs for you now using the same old forms that everybody else uses, but I want to find new ones. That's what 'Harmony Row' is all about; every song is a new form, but at the same time it's not too far out... it should still get through to anybody who hasn't got his head blocked up by Radio One. If you've got an open mind, it'll get through to you... I mean, we shouldn't have to go back to rock'n'roll to get through to people. The songs are very formal, and, as I say, each is a shape - like a piece of sculpture or architecture - and I've succeeded on my own terms, though I'll probably fail on commercial terms, which is a bringdown because it may limit the amount of freedom I have on the next one. John/Pete

The above interview was somewhat compressed in order to span the whole of Jack Bruce's career and, because of the space limitations, we had to cut out all the worthwhile things he had to say concerning the UCS situation. Hopefully, we'll be able to print a separate article devoted to them next issue. (And thanks to Bob Adcock for coffee and help in compiling the family tree chart).



ZIGZAG WANDERINGS

Another long gap between issues we're sorry to say and we're down to black and white too. But we should be back to our usual limp two colour cover next issue, which will be out (for one reason and another) in the first week of December. It should be a nice big fat poll results issue... It should be, but no doubt it'll be the usual skinny little effort. Try to get the poll entries in anyway - it doesn't matter if you can't think of ten selections for each category - the 'ten' was just designed as a maximum figure.

Seems to be a bit of a bum time of year for records... not a great many albums of note. The Mothers' is nice, the Mick Softley one is good (though CBS did a nifty job of fucking up the sleeve notes I did for it; I wrote about ten pages of grist about Softley and they promised to get in touch with me before cutting it about. But, of course, they forgot - and printed the most butchered lot of disjointed bullshit I've read for ages. Naughty CBS - but never mind, the record's nice), America (on Warners) is fine and summery (and autumny too), and Howling Wolf's ain't bad if you like that kind of thing. One

record that surprised me was the one by Fanny - not bad at all (can't wait to read the inventive headlines above articles about them... it'll give those crude journalists the biggest chance they've had since Balls split up), and I'm looking forward to hearing Traffic's new one. The Byrds 'Byrmanix' has left me puzzled and distressed, but the time between this issue and the next will be spent finishing off this vast Byrds issue, which has got to be trimmed from its present 150 odd pages to a reasonable size without leaving anything out.

Some magazines we've received: (prices include post cost): Eh? 9p from 17 Melsonby Cres, Darlington (local and general articles and stuff) The North Devon Snail 13p from The flat, Corffe Tawstock, Barnstaple, N Devon (Views, comment, poetry & communication). Fat Angel 8p from 213 Eastcote Lane, Harrow, Middlesex (rock music - the article on Terry Riley was lifted from it) Supersnazz 15p from Pippin, now at 65 Upper Chorlton Rd Manchester 16 (Rock music - mostly San Franciscan).

Nice quote from Abbie Hoffman: "Stay away from hard drugs; the only dope worth shooting is Richard Nixon". And we keep getting press releases from a strange organisation called Atlantis News Agency. The last one proclaimed that the Jefferson Airplane had applied for a visa to visit mainland China. Who are these sinister people?

Someone phoned us the other day and told us that Radio Veronica play music by the infamous Stackwaddy every hour, on the hour. Unfortunately, he failed to tell us the wavelength. (Our radio's broken anyway).



A small point: when sending for t-shirts and back issues and things, it makes

the fans on the other. I don't think that many 'vibes' (if that is the phrase) got across that fence; it was more like a betting shop scene - iron bars between the customers and the guys who run the place. That is not where rock music is supposed to be at (if that also is the phrase), and I must confess that I found the whole afternoon a pain in the arse.

That same evening I went to see Mott; and it was just like old times. The music had improved no end, but as people and performers, they're exactly the same bunch of friendly fuckers that we used to know and love at Friars; the ones who physically allowed no barriers or fences or attitudes of disdain between them and the audience, who were one with us, who ranted with us, who swore with us, who played their hearts out for the world on those ill-paid, sweaty monday evenings that trailed across the dying months of 1969.

I do go on, don't I... but if you don't like Mott, tough shit, that's your problem. Pete.

The cover photo and the one on page nine are by Brian Cooke, and the photo on page eleven is by Pete Sanders. (This was an idea for the sleeve of 'Mad Shadows' but was subsequently passed over. See if you can figure out which Mott is which!)

things a lot easier if you send uncrossed postal orders - then we can exchange them for porridge and beans down at the village shoppe.

People often write to us and say 'you really should make Zigzag Wanderings longer!', but everytime we sit thinking what to put, we run out of things very quickly... which is exactly what happened this time. Never mind, see you in December. Pete

Now over to John:

Most important thing to do first of all is send get well soon wishes to David Ruffell of Fly Records, who is in hospital. Dave's a good guy and we want him back soon.

Predictably, the next thing is good records. Precious few to really recommend this time, but try to hear the new one by Phillip Goodhand-Tait, which is remarkably excellent. I went to a press reception for Phillip, where he performed a magic version of 'Everyday', which most of the press and the massed bands of groovers inc who seem to get to these events, talked right through it. Stupid sods - most of them couldn't tell Wild Man Fischer from Gilbert O'Sullivan, or Mrs Mills from Olivia Newton-John. Back to the good Phillip - forget all comparisons with another DJM artiste, and make him the success he deserves to be.

On to other nice sounds; like the re-release of 'The Velvet Underground and Nico' album, with 'I'm waiting for the man', a classic track and a half. And the release of the first 2 Kama Sutra 'Flamin Groovies' albums as a double. Very nice record - listen to the Elvis and Jagger take-offs and appreciate one of the few real San Francisco bands that are left.

Quick plugs for 'America', a pleasant new band with a touch of Crosby Stills about them (that's what all the reviews will say, anyway), Jim Pepper (who wrote 'Witchi Tai To') has his own album out, and a word of tolerance for 'Jesus Christ Super Star', which is far better than I'd have imagined. Don't forget that the Grease Band did the backings, and if you heard how good their LP is, you'll know that's a hell of a recommendation.

Finally, two films; a happy one and a sad one. The sad one is that you can see a film about the Doors - that pretty lame TV film from the Roundhouse, at the National Film Theatre on October 6th. Despite the film's low quality, I'll be there to remember Jim Morrison, who's going to be top of several sections in my poll entry. The happy one is that 'Mad Dogs & Englishmen' is finally on general release and the record is being re-released to tie in.

TTFN and other absurdities. John



HOME PAUSE FOR A HOARSE HORSE



Mott....

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who make a point of going around telling everyone what great people Mott are: for instance, an acquaintance of mine was in a local band called Chameleon who were once nervously playing support band to Mott at some gig. Well, the members of Mott stood in the wings and gave them encouragement... made them relax and feel easy, and when they came off, Mott handed them Cokes, which they'd bought for them. Can you imagine Grand Funk doing that?

Let me tell you about the other Saturday. I went to Hyde Park to see the Jack Bruce, Roy Harper thing, and they had this fence separating the fans from the enclosure containing film cameramen, agents, press, musicians, hangers on, etc. It wasn't just a fence... it seemed like a fucking great chasm - with the fans on one side and the people whose living depended on

